

THE ROTARIAN

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Profit for Service

By William R. Yendall

The Happiness of a Hobby

By George S. Chappell

A Rotarian's Letters to Himself

The Original Melting-Pot

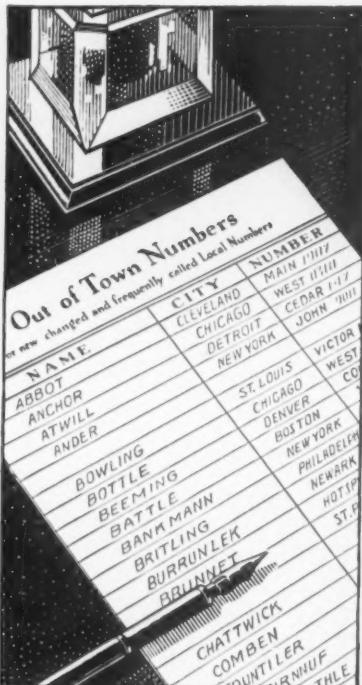
By Howard Vincent O'Brien

Reviews and Comment,
Editorials and Pictorial
Features

DECEMBER



3 simple Suggestions for Telephoning between Cities



Call by number, whenever you can



Call during the less crowded hours of the business day



Speak distinctly and directly into the mouthpiece

HERE are three simple suggestions that are almost sure to help you in getting the most out of your telephone calls between near and distant towns.

Call by number, whenever you can; it will save your time. It is useful to know the number, especially for calls that you may make frequently. "Information" will gladly give you the number of any person or concern you wish, so that you can make a note of it for the future. It is a convenience to your customers to print your own telephone number on your letterhead.

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But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright

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face large audiences—without a trace of stage fright!

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In the January Number

Carlo Bos on International Relations

In the January Number we will present the first of a notable series of two articles by Carlo Bos, a commissioner in the Chinese Maritime Customs, in Shanghai, an Italian who has lived for twenty-nine years in China, and who is this year president of the Rotary Club of Shanghai.

Rotarian Bos, in these articles on international problems from the viewpoint of a Rotarian, is making a definite contribution, we believe, in behalf of better international understanding.



and teachings which were drummed into my head in the morning of my life; and I have learnt many new things, interesting and true."

Rotarians regardless of race or country will be interested in these articles. Carlo Bos discusses four causes of war—racial, economic, religious, and dynastic—from the viewpoint of a Rotarian observer with a broad background of business experience, and with amazing frankness.

Sir Thomas Barclay on "The U. S. of Europe"

The new proposed federation of European states looked at from the economic and historic sides.

William H. Campbell on the Civic Orchestra

That the civic orchestra is a tremendous asset to a community is proven by the experience of Rochester, New York, where the Rotary Club organized a campaign for providing financial support. The orchestra is serving the community in many ways, its greatest contribution being the development of an understanding and appreciation of good music among the children of the schools.

Read these and other practical, worth-while articles coming to you in the January Number.

Just Among Ourselves

WE believe our readers are interested equally with the editors in the response that follows publication of certain articles. Not many articles bring the immediate and wide reaction that followed the publication of Private Harold Peat's "Chicago Commemorates a War." To those who questioned the propriety of such an article we might refer to the fact, not mentioned before, that serving as a private with the Third Battalion, First Canadian Infantry, Private Peat was gassed once, wounded twice, and left on the battlefield for fifty-six hours. Certainly such experience ought to provide a man sufficient background of definite ideas for a war memorial.

Many newspapers called favorable attention to Private Peat's article; a number of magazines are reprinting the material in order "to effectively carry on the message of the article to hundreds of additional readers," as one editor put it. The weekly (U.S.) magazine "Time" referring to Private Peat's message under the heading "Maniac Memorial," said "Neither an artist nor an architect, Hero Peat's interest in a war memorial was not esthetic but moral."

Amongst the correspondence was a telegram from a Rotarian and his wife of Omaha, Nebraska, which came to our desk on the morning of Armistice Day, November 11th:

PLEASE TELL HAROLD PEAT STOP
MAY YOUR ARTICLE IN NOVEMBER
ROTARIAN BE READ BY MILLIONS
AND MAY ITS THOUGHTS VIBRATE
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD IS THE
PRAYER OF ROTARIAN TOM AND
MRS KELLY.

* * *

Among all the comments that we are receiving praising the "Letters of a Rotarian to Himself," we have space for only one this month which came from Rotarian Ralph McEntire, of Topeka, Kansas:

"I don't know who writes those 'Rotarian's Letters to Himself,' but wish I might get my thanks to him. They have given me a combination of inspiration and vision of the practicability of Rotary principles which has seldom been equalled in all my years of reading the magazine."

"I happen to be one of those chaps, blessed with a wife who chooses to share these pleasures with me, and THE ROTARIAN is winning a place in our home reading very near the top. We are both very appreciative of these particular articles and hope that they are but the first of a good long series. Can you get my thanks to the author?"

* * *

Club committees, we believe, will find THE ROTARIAN to be of practical help to them in seeking out objectives in vocational, community and international service and in arranging weekly club programs, as the magazine serves as a clearing-house of ideas garnered from every corner of the Rotary world. Probably only a few of the ideas can be used as presented, since conditions vary with club localities, but the method employed isn't as important as the idea itself. Resourcefulness being one of the outstanding attributes of most committees, we recommend the various departments of the magazine as a veritable mine of Rotary ideas the product to be refined for local use.

* * *

Who's Who—In This Number

EDWIN B. TOWNSEND, a previous contributor to the magazine, is pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Marietta, Ohio. **Thomas O. Sheckell** is assistant manager of a credit and adjustment bureau in New York and a former member of the Rotary Club of Salt Lake City. **H. F. Harrington, M. A.**, director of the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University, is a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill. **Umekichi Yoneyama**, is a former director of Rotary International.

Edwin L. Stephens, A. B., P.D., is president of the Southwestern Louisiana In-

VOLUME 35

NUMBER 6

THE ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by Rotary International

M. EUGENE NEWSOM, President

CHESLEY R. PERRY, Secretary

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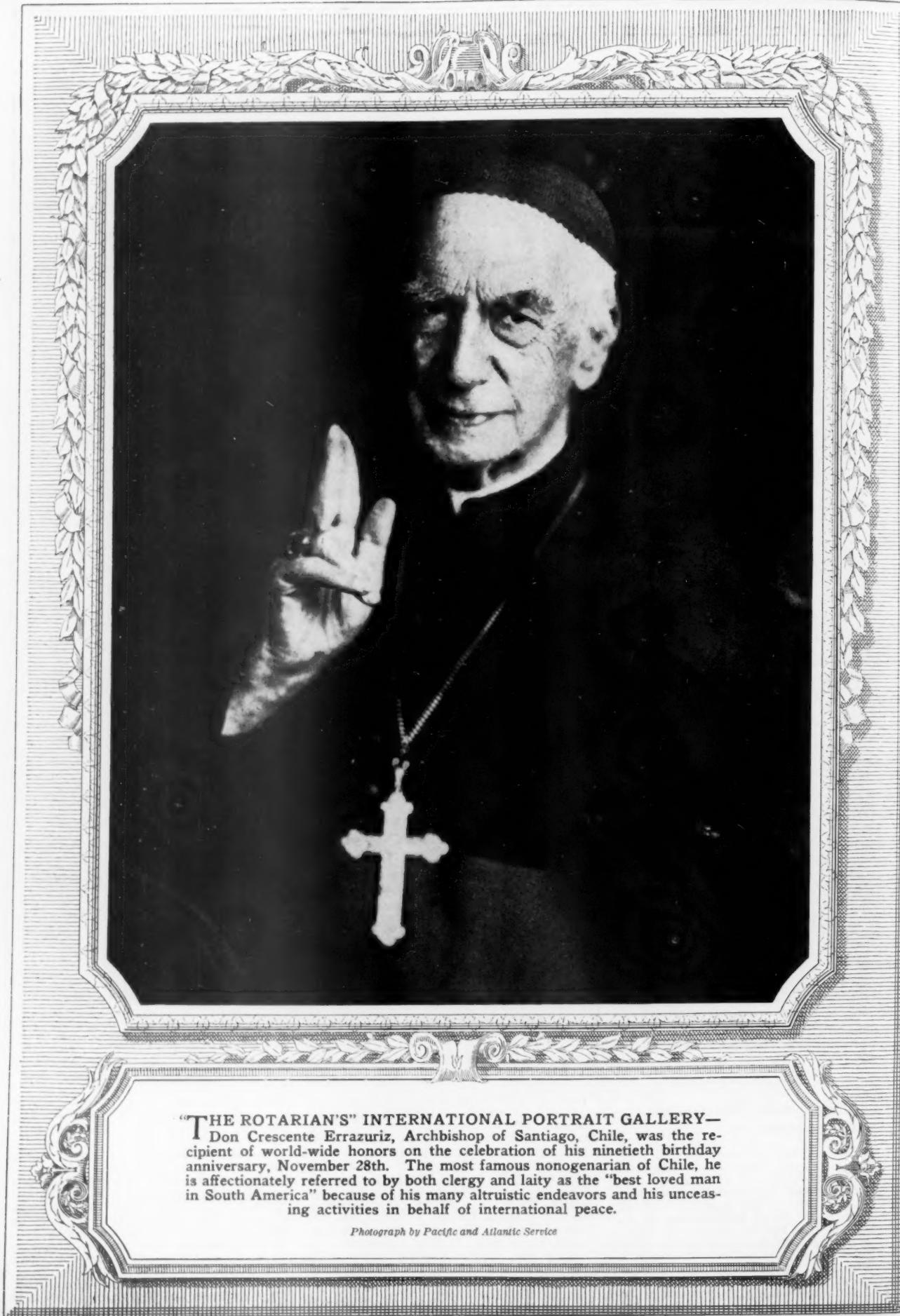
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stitute at LaFayette, La., and a member of the Rotary Club of LaFayette. **Howard Vincent O'Brien**, literary editor of the Chicago Daily News, will be remembered by his previous article of a few months ago on "The Wicked City." **George S. Chappell**, architect and author, has written many books of humor and satire, and contributes to a number of magazines. "Family Versus Home" a whimsical recital of home problems in the November (1926) issue was his last appearance in these pages. **Ellen Due** relates a story told her by a member of a Rotary Club in California. Her home is in Akron, Ohio.

Larry Flint of the staff of the Sharon

(Penn.) Herald is a member of the Sharon Rotary Club. **George Landis Wilson**, engineer and sales counsellor writes frequently for the magazines on management subjects. He is a past president of the Rotary Club of Chicago. **William R. Yendall**, past governor of the twenty-third district, whose home is London, Ontario, Canada, is general manager of the Richard Wilcox Company, door hangers and hardware specialties. **Dwight Marvin**, editor of the **Record**, of Troy, New York, a regular contributor whom we are always glad to welcome to these pages, is a member of the Rotary Club of Troy and chairman of his club's International Service Committee.



THE ROTARIAN'S INTERNATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY—
Don Crescente Errazuriz, Archbishop of Santiago, Chile, was the recipient of world-wide honors on the celebration of his ninetieth birthday anniversary, November 28th. The most famous nonagenarian of Chile, he is affectionately referred to by both clergy and laity as the "best loved man in South America" because of his many altruistic endeavors and his unceasing activities in behalf of international peace.

Photograph by Pacific and Atlantic Service

THE ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
 DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE
 AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL,
 BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

VOLUME XXXV

DECEMBER, 1929

NUMBER 6

The Spirit of Christmas

By M. EUGENE NEWSOM

President of Rotary International

PEACE on earth to men of goodwill was first given to the world as a universal blessing at the scene of the first Christmas. After the passage of nineteen hundred years, the message, intensified and strengthened with each passing century, carries both a hope and a challenge to brothers of all faiths.

There have been dark moments when it has seemed to thoughtful men that the fulfillment of the benediction was fraught with utter hopelessness. But today the ray of hope shines brightly. Events demonstrate that peace is still the ideal to which nations aspire. Men today are thinking and working in terms of international peace as never before in the world's history. Men today are making the supreme sacrifice, no less than the soldiers of yesterday, that the world may be forever free of war's frightful toll of life and wealth.

Friendship and peace appeal alike to the heart and to the mind. Men desire a world of harmony and good-will as opposed to a world stricken with war and its attendant evils. The mind of man today conceives a world in which the ideal of peace shall prevail, and what the mind conceives the will can ultimately achieve. In spite of the assertions of some of our biologists that the strongest shall survive

and that the germ of fighting is implanted in the human breast, I believe that with the breath of life there is breathed into every man a spirit of forgiveness, a desire to befriend, and the aspiration to live honorably. Thus the Spirit of Christmas is a natural manifestation of the heart of man. It can be translated into our everyday actions; it can be practiced in the affairs of nations.

INHERENT in the precepts of Rotary is a vigorous faith in these age-old ideals. I like to think of these ideals as best exemplified in the splendid work of Rotary clubs everywhere at Christmas time: The sparkling Christmas trees and the overflowing baskets for those down the side-streets of life who are somehow forgotten in the rush of events, unless some Good Fellow remembers. The gifts we give, the words we say, the thoughts we think, express the essential goodness in man and his eternal faith that humanity marches ever upward.

My particular wish at this season is that the home of Rotarians throughout the world will be bright with the joys and happiness of this season of the year and that some of that brightness will radiate out into the dark places.

A Rotary Review of Events

Rotary Moves Onward

IN ALL the romantic story of Rotary, there is no chapter of more interest than that now being added by Special Commissioner Davidson in the East. In the Federated Malay States and Sumatra (Singapore is now being organized) a group of clubs is being added that will complete the final link in a chain literally encircling the earth.

At Kuala Lumpur, pioneer club in the Federated Malay States, Davidson found a situation similar to that at Thayetmyo, Burma, where a club had already been organized and meeting for a year before his arrival on the scene. Mr. L. D. Gammans, an officer in the Malayan Civil Service, had visited Rotary clubs in England, Japan, and the United States, and sensing the need of an organization to develop and maintain goodwill amongst the different racial groups, had started a Rotary club in July, 1928. "On my arrival here," writes Davidson, "I was most pleased to find a happy and enthusiastic group. Several meetings were held and there was a willingness to make the few changes necessary." The club was officially instituted and the inauguration meeting held Sept. 27th. The membership comprises Europeans, Chinese, Ceylonese, Malay, and Indians. Among the distinguished guests at the inaugural dinner were His Highness the Sultan of Selangor, Sir William Peel, chief secretary to the government, and Sir Hugh Clifford, high commissioner of the Federated Malay States and governor of Straits Settlements. The president is Choo Kia Peng, a prominent, influential Chinese, who has exhibited an interest in Rotary.

This great area where Davidson has been working the past several months (which he has christened the "I B C M J S" area) now has clubs as follows:

India—Calcutta, Lahore, Bombay, Delhi, Madras.
Burma—Thayetmyo, Rangoon.
Ceylon—Colombo.
Malaya—Kuala Lumpur, Seremban, Ipoh.
Java—Djokjakarta, Soerabaya.
Sumatra—Slam (clubs being organized).



Photo: Wide World

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD
High Commissioner of Federated Malay States and Governor of Straits Settlements.

Sir Hugh Clifford

THE fact that Sir Hugh Clifford, high commissioner of the Federated Malay States and governor of Straits Settlements, has accepted honorary membership in the club at Kuala Lumpur is sure to give added impetus to Rotary extension not only throughout Malaya but all the territory comprised in the "I B C M J S" area. Sir Hugh has had a long career in the Colonial service, is a noted author, and an authority on Malay. He first joined the Malay States civil service as a cadet in 1883. He has served at various times as governor of North Borneo and Labuan, Colonial Secretary of Trinidad and Tobago, Governor of Ceylon, and Governor of the Gold Coast. Recreations: golf, shooting, swimming.

Sir Hugh made a very gracious speech to the Kuala Lumpur club, talking at length, and expressing the belief that Rotary would be of very great value and effect in that part of the world, and that Rotary clubs are particularly well adapted to the diversified circumstances of life in Malaya.

Board Meets in Chicago

AT CHICAGO for five days (Nov. 4 to 8) there met ten out of twelve members of the Board of Directors of Rotary International. For five busy days they listened to reports, discussed issues, made decisions. The official minutes comprise some 30,000 words. The entire first day was devoted to the problem of area administration, and a plan finally adopted, to be offered to the next convention as a Constitutional amendment. (A subsequent issue will contain the text.)

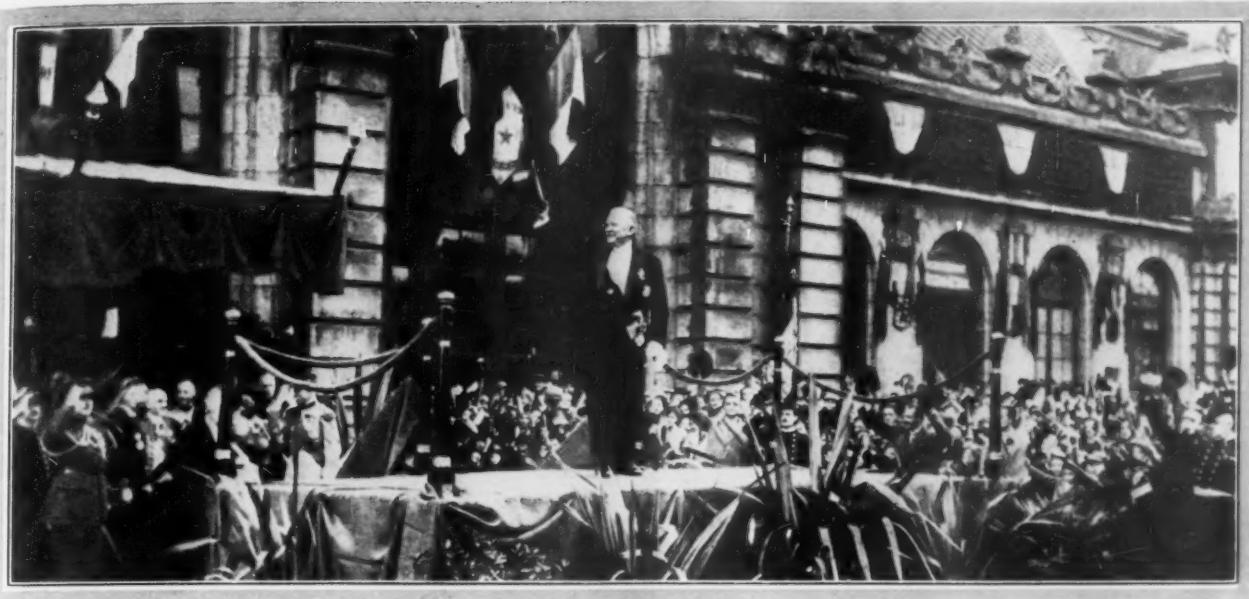
Among the questions discussed were: the possibility of decreasing either the number of committees or the number of members, thus decreasing expenses incident to holding meetings; importance of new clubs immediately adopting the Aims and Objects plan and organizing their new committees upon that basis; the difficulties constantly encountered

by language differences and the necessity for conducting assemblies at the convention in various languages and need for interpreters at convention halls and headquarters hotel.

Decided: International assembly of Rotary officials to be held at Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago, beginning June 17th, 1930; the offering of an amendment to the By-Laws which would discontinue the Classifications Committee and incorporate its present duties under the Club Service Committee; the publication of a revised edition of the Student Loans Fund booklet (No. 42); the provision of booths at the convention for "work exhibits" relating to Community, club, vocational, and international service. Those questions relating to policy and proposed convention resolutions will be given in subsequent numbers.

Chicago Convention

THE Board listened to a report presented by Crawford C. McCullough, Chairman of the Convention Committee, who outlined plans, marshalled figures,



A great celebration was arranged at Mons, Belgium, for President Doumergue as he passed through the city on his way to Brussels for a visit of state with the Belgian sovereigns.

indicating that the "Silver Anniversary" Convention will be a notable event in size, and character of program.

Among the outstanding features planned for the convention is a great international music festival. Chicago has many choral societies representing the music-loving nations of the world and these societies are planning to combine in a magnificent musical program during the convention.

The Chicago Stadium (newly built palace of sport and spectacle) has been selected as the convention hall. It will seat comfortably 25,000 people, is conveniently located in relation to the principal hotels, and is only twelve minutes ride from downtown Chicago. The Stevens Hotel has been selected as Convention Headquarters, and the House of Friendship will be located in the hotel's huge exhibition hall. Two hundred assistant sergeant-at-arms will be on duty at the Stadium.

Sir Geo. H. Wilkins at Montevideo

SIR GEORGE HUBERT WILKINS and his Antarctic Expedition crew, on their way south to Deception Island, stopped in Montevideo and were entertained by the Rotary club. Deception Island is 500 miles southeast of Cape Horn, approximately 2,200 miles from the South Pole. Sir George told the club that the expedition planned to make several flights during the coming summer months, mapping some 3,000 miles of unknown coastline, and finally landing in Australia. Montevideo Rotarians were greatly interested in the "Rotary Mascot Watch" exhibited by Sir George, which had been presented to him a year

before by the Rotary Club of New York City. The watch was a fine mascot, he said. It had been almost to the South Pole, back to New York, round the world in the Graf Zeppelin, and was now going south a second time. "Every time he consulted it," he said, "he was reminded of what Rotary had taught him of Service for humanity everywhere."

Good-Will Visit

PRESIDENT Doumergue recently paid a state visit to King Albert of Belgium. It was just a friendly call, as the Belgian press reported, calculated to do infinitely more toward drawing the two countries closer together

than writing formal diplomatic notes. A Rotary report such as this should record the fact that both President Doumergue and King Albert are Rotarians and both honorary Rotary governors of their respective countries. A few weeks prior King Albert, visiting the Bernese Alps, had been invited to attend the Lucerne Rotary meeting, but being unable to attend, sent the club the following message: "As a Rotarian of many years standing, it gives me great pleasure to send my most cordial greetings to those who here in Lucerne are the apostles of that grand idea of human brotherhood under the beautiful motto of 'Service above Self.'"

The Kingdom of Yugoslavia

BY A royal decree King Alexander has changed the name of his country from The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, to *The Kingdom of Yugoslavia*. A second royal decree followed which looked forward to the end of the royal dictatorship established on Christmas day (1928) and a return to parliamentary government. New up-to-date maps will show an altered Yugoslavia for the entire country has been divided into nine "Banats" or states, each named for one of the country's chief rivers. There are at present two Rotary clubs in the country one at the capital, Beograd (Belgrade) and the other at Zagreb, and, the two clubs co-operating, a program is being shaped whereby the government will be assisted in its various projects for developing the country industrially and commercially. Dr. Ferdinand Gramberg, head of extensive copper interests, was the



DR. FERDINAND GRAMBERG
First President of the Rotary Club
of Beograd.



Photo: Metropolitan Service

Leon C. Faulkner, chairman of the Boys' Work Committee of the Rotary Club of New York City, presents a plaque to twelve-year-old Charles Martin, of the Ryan Branch of the Catholic Boys' Club. Young Martin scored the highest number of individual points in field, track, and woodcraft tests at the annual celebration of the New York Rotary Club's "Woodcraft Day."

first president of Beograd Rotary, and the newly elected president is Dr. Voja Kujundzic (see page 17) who first conceived the idea of a Rotary club in Yugoslavia.

"America's Host Club"

ROΤΑRY DAY IN WOODCRAFT" has been celebrated by the Rotary Club of New York City in August of each year (except in 1927) for the past nine years. Five honor boys from each Boys' Club are invited to spend a day with the Rotary club, this year on the country estate of David T. Abercrombie, member, Boys' Work Committee. The day's program included roll-call, campfire songs, games, presentation of honors, all preceded by the traditional lighting of the council fire after the manner of the Red Man. The Rotary Club Plaque, awarded each year, was won by 12-year-old Charles Martin, for the Catholic Boys' Clubs, for most points in field, track, and woodcraft.

New York Rotary well deserves its title of "the host club of America." No overseas Rotary visitor ever steps across the gangplank of a liner docking in New York without an immediate welcome, hearty, cheerful, from the New York Club. Moreover each visitor soon becomes aware that he has at hand, subject to any call for service, a tremendously capable and efficient Rotary club organization, with headquarters in Hotel Commodore, presided over by genial, energetic Edwin H. Rushmore,

secretary. A call at Rotary Headquarters, day or night usually finds him at his desk. Those calls run the gamut of every kind of service.

Activities of the New York Rotary Club are wide and varied. Most outstanding, perhaps, is the work of the Better Citizenship Committee. The club roster has been provided as a "call list" for jury service and it is significant that practically every member eligible for service has volunteered. However, the greatest service in this connection is the jurors' pooling system suggested by the Better Citizenship Committee. First

materially reduce and save the county approximately \$15,000 per month.

The second meeting in October was given over to a celebration of the club's twentieth birthday anniversary. President Robert Stout delivered the anniversary address; Raymond J. Knoepfle, Whitney Darrow, Milton Rich, Herbert Strong had prepared a program of superlative merit; old timers were given the floor; the club's glee club performed; Fred Tweed, Chicago Rotarian, first to introduce Rotary to New York, spoke feelingly of early days; a birthday pageant was staged; the "Spirit of Rotary" predicted the current events of the Rotary Club of 2029.

The "Host Club of America" thus embarks upon another year and accompanying them upon their journey are the wishes of thousands of friends to which we add those of THE ROTARIAN.

Vienna in 1931

THE Board of Directors of Rotary International accepted the invitation of the Rotary Club of Vienna, Austria, to hold the 1931 convention in that city. Vienna is noted for its hospitality and the gay spirit of its people. Richly endowed with beautiful palaces, historic buildings, museums, Vienna is one of the musical centers of Europe and will be another brilliant star in the constellation of cities in which Rotary has held its annual meetings.



Photo: Paris Mac Donald
J. ROBERT STOUT
President, Rotary Club of New York City

tried out in the municipal courts, the plan is being put into effect in the Supreme Court of New York County. The plan provides for a jury pooling system whereby lists of volunteer jurors are secured through co-operation of civic organizations. A group is called for jury duty, and as talesmen are needed from time to time, the required number is impaneled. While awaiting actual duty, the juror can conduct his own business from the general assembly room in the court. According to the Herald-Tribune this will not only be more convenient to the jurors, but will the number called

William R. Yendall wrote the article which begins on this page after reading "Service for Profit," by Charles W. Hill, in the November Number. This article, though brief, we believe is a definite contribution to Rotary thought on vocational service. What is the proper place of profit in the business scheme? The writer, a prominent Canadian business man, gives his answer to the question and offers two or three business examples as proof of his contention.

Profit for Service

An answer to the question: Does Service need a divorce from Profit?

By WILLIAM R. YENDALL

IS SERVICE the cart-horse that brings in an increased load of profit, or is Profit the horse that delivers the service?

Differences of opinion there may be about minor items in Rotary without affecting the underlying value of the movement but the conception of the service principle and of its relation to profit are not minor items and deserve clarification. If proper analysis will enable Rotary to present a united front on this question, no time or effort spent to that end is wasted.

Is Rotary's First Object correctly stated: "To encourage and foster the ideal of service as the basis of all worthy enterprise?" Can we accept that and plead not guilty to a charge of hypocrisy? Should it not rather be "to encourage and foster the ideal of service as the quickest and best road to profit"?

There is no room to doubt that the founders of Rotary thought they were substituting service for profit as the primary motive of business, nor does the statement "He profits most who serves best" prove anything to the contrary.

This hotly assailed phrase is not the motto of Rotary,—it is not a motto at all. A motto is a "guiding rule of life, a principle." "Service before self" is a motto indicating purpose, but "He profits most who serves best" is simply a statement of the observed effect of the service principle, caught up by the Rotary convention at Portland from Arthur Sheldon's great address, because it was a terse answer to the doubting Thomases outside who opposed the ideal of service as being impracticable because not profitable.

Service and profit are indissolubly linked together, but it makes all the difference in the world which is the *motive*. When folks attempt to qualify Rotary's purpose by explaining that after all business is done for profit, and service must therefore be understood as service for profit, they are, no doubt unconsciously, trying to stand the business world back on its head from a position right-side-up on its feet.

Truth develops more quickly from facts than from argument. A few actual transactions will illustrate the real nature of the service principle:

A Few Pointed Examples

ACERTAIN hardware manufacturer driving to his office one morning after a heavy snowstorm, saw a friend shovelling snow away from his garage doors in order to get his car out. Garage-door hardware was one of the things this man made and he could not

resist the temptation to call out to his friend:

"Hey! Jim, if you had hung those doors to fold inside, you would not be out there shovelling snow this morning."

Jim's answer was:

"This is a fine time to tell me about it. If you had been on your job, these doors would be hung inside. You ought to be shovelling this snow instead of me."

Jim was right. All the time and effort wasted that morning by men whose doors were hung wrong because the manufacturer had not told them how to hang doors right was a debit charge against his service value to the community in the line in which he had chosen to serve. His factory existed, not to make money, but primarily to serve the community. (Leave profit out of it for a minute.)

A certain other manufacturer had for several years been trying to perfect a piece of machinery for doing with motor and push button what was formerly done by hand. There was a real need for this device but there were difficult conditions to overcome. One day the Engineer said:

"Let's throw this thing out of the line. We have plenty of things to make without this. It is a source of constant trouble to us, a lot of hard work, and there is no money in it."

But the Sales Manager said:

"That is not the right answer. People want a machine to do this job, they look to us to supply it, they have a right to look to us to supply it and regardless of the trouble and the hard work it is up to us to meet that need."

Observe carefully. From the self-interest standpoint, from the profit

This Month's Cover

IN the year 1519 a fleet of five vessels under the command of Ferdinand Magellan set sail from Seville, Spain, with the avowed purpose of circumnavigating the globe. Only one of these vessels, the "Vittoria" completed the voyage, entering the port of Seville again three years later. While Magellan did not live to complete the voyage, he had accomplished the task he set for himself when he reached and passed the longitude of the Moluccas where he had already been. The name of Ferdinand Magellan goes down in history as the first circumnavigator.

In 1929 the Graf Zeppelin under the command of Dr. Hugo Eckener swept majestically through the skies, circumnavigating the globe in twenty-one days.

Such is the miracle wrought in transportation by man in the brief span of four hundred years.

standpoint, that machine is not going to be built and the community is not going to be served. But the service idea prevailed. They stuck to the job and won out. (How about the profit?—in a minute.)

The Superintendent says:

"We need a new machine for a certain piece of work."

What is the customary way to handle that matter? What will it cost? How much time will it save, or how much additional product will it make? If the percentage on the cost is 10 per cent or better, all right, if not, no.

It is the wrong approach (the approach through the profit motive is always the wrong approach).

"Why do you want this machine?"

"Because we can make a better piece of goods, an article that will better serve the purpose for which it is intended."

That is the answer. The doctrine of community service requires that machine in your plant and if your business is properly financed you will buy it. (And the profit?—patience, brother, patience.)

An insurance man several years ago remarked after listening to an address on service:

"The insurance business, you know, is an outstanding instance of a service institution; that is the whole conception of it."

"So, are you really putting service first?"

"I think so."

"Well, let's see. What class in the community needs insurance most?"

"Workingmen, I suppose."

"Do they get it?"

"Not to the extent that they ought to get it."

"Does your Company write Group Insurance?" (At that time there were very few companies writing Group Insurance.)

"No."

"Why?"

"I don't think it would pay."

"Well, if the community requires Group Insurance, you are not a service institution unless you figure out how to deliver that service."

And they did.

An overseas manufacturer, being asked why he did not improve certain items in his line to give better service to his customers, said:

"Why should I bother about it? I have a nice little business here, it pays me a nice profit. I can handle it in about three hours a day and spend the rest of the time playing golf."

That was the profit answer, satisfactory to him. But the community for which his business existed was not being properly served.

What Is Profit?

NOW we are ready to put profit in its proper place. What is profit? Profit is the margin over and above costs which enables capital and man-

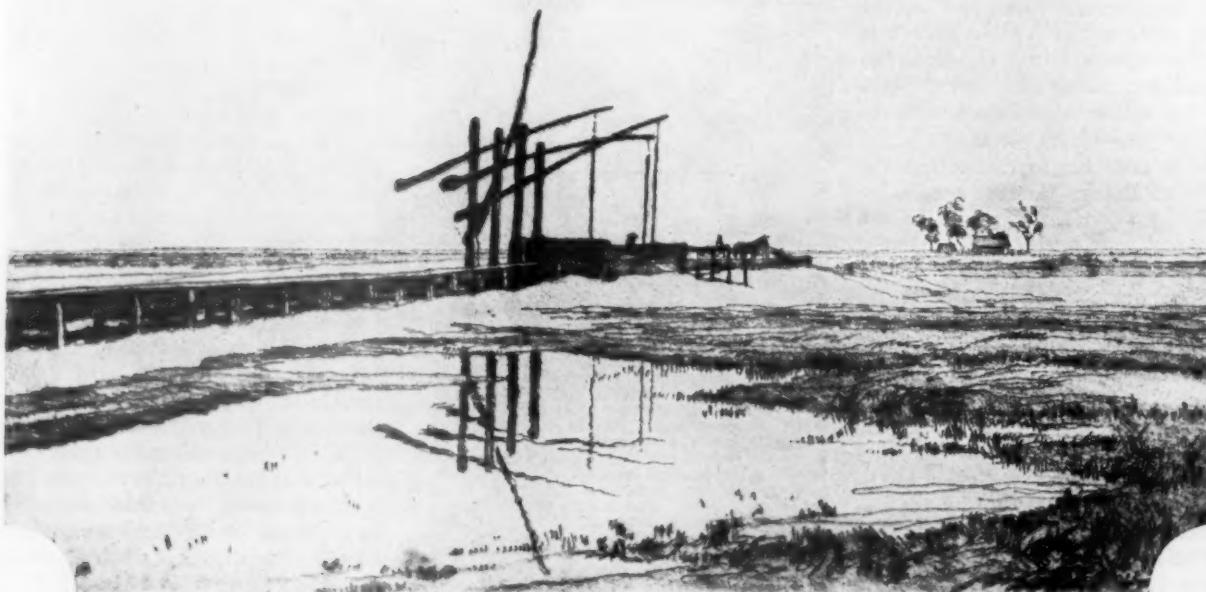
agement to continue to develop and expand their service in the community; interest to capital at a rate which will insure retaining that capital for service; salaries to management which will give them enough elbowroom to grow for service; reserves to tide the business over slack times, to keep the organization together for further service, to expand for ever-larger and better service.

The function of profit is to serve. If we know that returns from business are going to be sufficient to maintain the institution, meet its legitimate expenses including wages of labor, capital, and management with adequate reserves to keep it sound and provide for expansion, that is all reasonable men expect of the profit idea. (We are not discussing profiteers.)

Approach every business question from the service angle. Locate your plant, design your machinery, set your quality standards and your wages, plan your advertising, write your letters—all for service—and then set your prices, remembering that prices which are too high and prices which are too low are both destructive of the purpose for which the business exists—to serve.

Service primary, profit secondary, and not for its own sake, but as a means to service—that is Rotary.

The ideal of service is far and away a more stimulating conception and will carry a man farther in real achievement than ever the profit motive did.



THE GREAT WELL ON THE HORTOBÁGY PLAIN

An Etching by Stephen Zador, Member of the Rotary Club of Budapest

Rotary World Wide

Why certain Rotary "characteristics" cannot be accepted in all countries

By UMEKICHI YONEYAMA

Past Director of Rotary International

NO ORGANIZATION of international character has ever made such a rapid or such far-reaching progress as Rotary International. There are now sixty-one countries and geographical areas. The clubs exceed 3200 in number, and there are probably more than 150,000 Rotarians throughout the world. This phenomenal growth has been achieved within a brief span of twenty-four years not only without any thinning out of internal enthusiasm but with increasing intensive interest.

The question arises—what are the causes or reasons for this phenomenal growth? The ideals of Rotary are no more than fundamental rules of moral conduct, which are as old and as universal as the awakening of human conscience to moral principles; but the distinguishing feature of Rotary consists in its simple method to apply those ideals to highly industrialized conditions of the modern world. The relations of man to man have become increasingly complex with the progress of civilization, and the groupings of men to nations and states have given rise to national and international problems. What the fundamental causes of the World War were, we shall not know for a long time to come. Our vision is too largely obscured by questions of national safety and by problems of economic forces one playing on others.

All that is apparent to everybody is the fact that more than a century of modern industrial life which has grown up as the result of the progress of science and modern inventions, has in its turn created a new situation in the industrial, commercial, and financial activities of man. The wonderful growth of world-wide Rotary can only be explained by the fact that it has supplied the needed gap. It has come to us like merciful rain at a period of great draught. The attempt to advance understanding, good-will and international peace through a common fellowship of men committed to observance of high ethical principles in their business and professional life, is what is new.

We must at once recognize that the membership in that great fellowship comprises men of so many different nationalities characterized by different customs, and that such differences are largely the result of surrounding circumstances, notably climate and other geographic conditions. If, therefore, any

attempt is made to unify the mode of action of different clubs scattered all over the world, we are at once confronted with problems of insurmountable difficulty. For example, while the so-called "boys work" forms such a distinguishing feature in the activities of Rotary clubs of different countries, it can not be made a popular or attractive feature of Rotary activity in a country like Japan, where the patriarchal form of life has persisted for thousands of years and still forms a vital force in directing the currents of individual life. Indeed it is not too much to say that in Japan no good man has time or energy left to devote to that sort of club work, because the personal demands that come to him through such family system are so heavy and at the same time it remedies the wants found in other countries.

Traditional Social Etiquette

ANOTHER point of practice which is particularly difficult to assimilate in Japan, is an attempt to introduce nicknames among the members of Rotary clubs. In a country where honorifics in the designation of individuals have formed the basis of social etiquette for so many centuries, even dropping the usual "Mr." from one's family name would be a difficult proposition. The word *San* which might be rendered as "Esquire" in English or the word *Kun* which may be regarded as the Japanese equivalent of "Mr." must not be left out when calling another person's name.

To take another example, I was much amused to read the articles entitled "A Rotary Review of Events" by the editor of THE ROTARIAN appearing in a somewhat recent number, in which among other things it was stated that in Bombay people would not lunch in the city during the summer, and that in hot-weather countries Rotary became largely a cold-weather proposition because the evening meal was a relaxation and did not lend itself to speech-making or active debate. In Greece and Spain as well as in Latin American countries there are the problems of "siesta," while in France and in other continental countries of Europe all businessmen take two hours' recess in the middle of the day enabling them to go back to their homes for lunch even though that involves a traffic of four times a day instead of twice, and lunch must be hastily finished.

A highly centralized form of organization was practicable until 1911, when

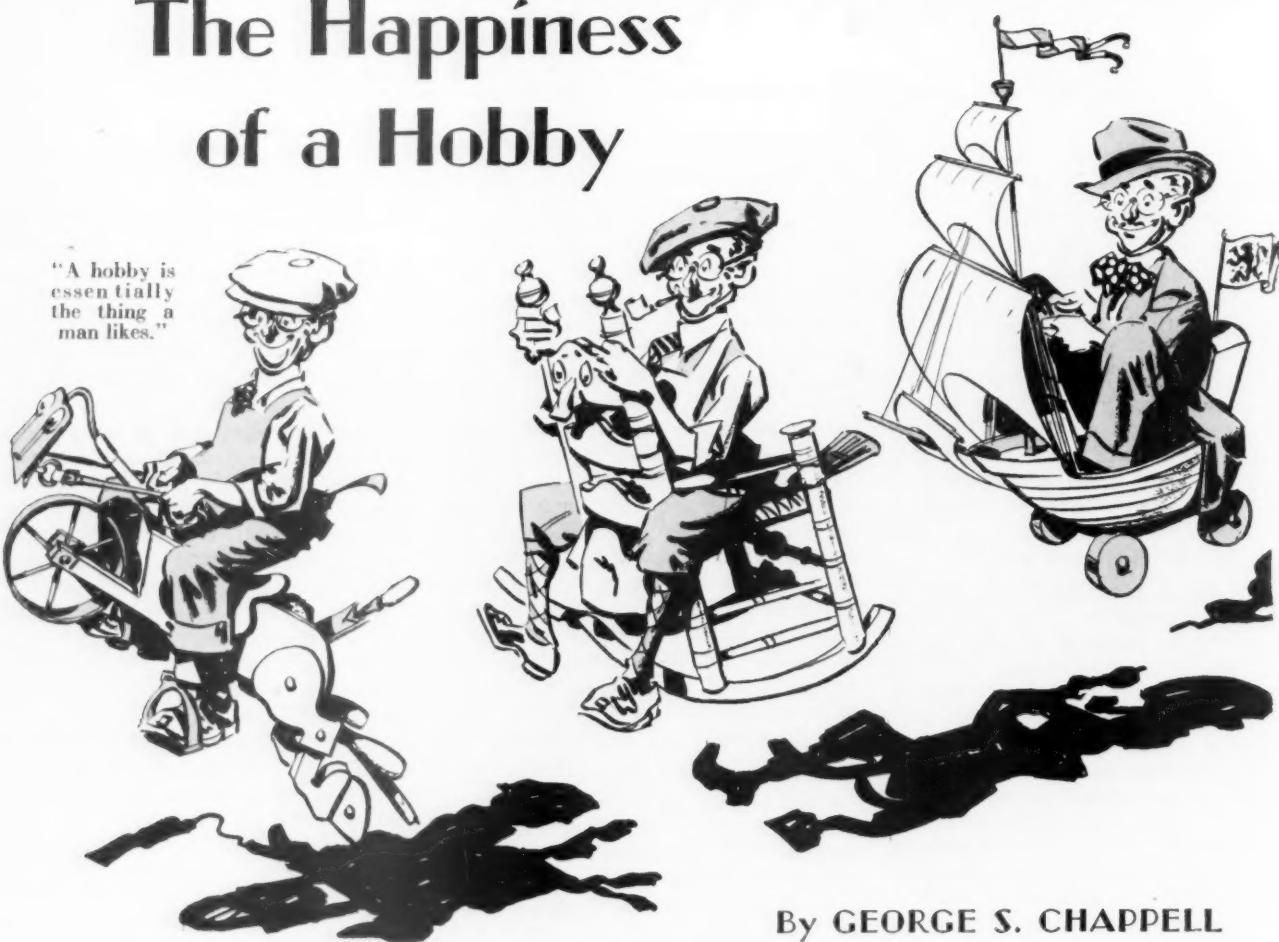
Rotary only embraced cities and towns in the United States and Canada and had only reached Great Britain. But after a period of ten years since that date, when Rotary had spread to twenty countries outside of the United States, problems of administration became increasingly difficult.

The Constitution and By-laws of Rotary International which were adopted at the annual convention held at Los Angeles in 1922, with the exception of a few changes still remain the organic law on which 150,000 Rotarians and 3200 clubs scattered throughout the world stand. It seems to me that the time has arrived for us to face squarely certain facts that are based on the differences in climatic, social, and economic conditions. It may be time to consider whether Rotary International would not be wisely advised in adopting a more decentralized system of administration which would recognize the freedom of different units in minor matters. Being a fraternal union of men committed to the maintenance of high ethical standards in their business or professional life, Rotary must insist on the maintenance of the ideal of service as the guiding principle of every Rotarian in his personal, business, and community life. Similarly there must be a genuine and whole-hearted recognition on the part of every Rotarian of the worthiness of all pursuits of life that contribute toward the promotion of happiness and the welfare of humanity. Therefore, no formation of any clique or coterie within Rotary can be tolerated.

The adoption of the principle of one man from each calling was eminently wise. Members may be favoured in different degrees in material things as well as in their physical and mental equipment, but every Rotarian must be imbued with the urge and the will to serve.

Therefore it is necessary that matters which are essential and matters that may be left to national or territorial units, must be differentiated. To take an analogy from the customs and practices of banking, I may perhaps be pardoned in calling your attention to the fact that neither the sizes nor the styles of cheques, bills, and notes are of any consequence whatever so long as they are genuine. It is unnecessary and unwise for the clearinghouse to dictate what the sizes and styles of cheques, bills and notes shall be before they can be admitted to general clearance.

The Happiness of a Hobby



By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

IF THERE is one criticism which I might aim at the civilization of these United States it is that we are turning out a race of "specialists" and in the mere typing of the word I can hear a chorus of cackles from readers of Chic Sale's recent masterpiece. Such are the penalties of connotation. Be that as it may, I will stick to the term in its wider sense as meaning one who devotes himself to a single phase of life to the exclusion of all others. And isn't it the truth?

Isn't it characteristic of today that a man is expected to do one thing well and nothing else? I think of bankers, doctors, lawyers, business men, explorers, artists, authors, . . . we all know so many different kinds of people, . . . and most of them correspond pretty definitely to their labels. They are just that and nothing more. But there are certain shining exceptions which prove that this need not be so. These exceptions are so entrancing that I venture a plea for their increase. But first a few words as to our obvious specialization. How has it come about?

Well, for one thing, traditional wisdom is in favor of it. The folk-maxims of our national heritage bind each man to his trade. As an ink-stained scholar,

his copy-book preaches at him, or used to; I am not sure that copy-books are used now, but I well remember, as a penalty for over-zealous spit-ballings, having to copy one hundred times in my best imitation of "Spencerian" the solemn adjuration, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last." The sentence, at the time, seemed incomplete. "His last what?" I kept asking myself, finally deciding that it must mean his last shoe, judging from the time our local cobbler took to finish a job. My handwriting grew worse as I toiled but the sentence burned itself into my brain where it became part of my philosophy, a warning to avoid digressions, to hold to the main road of my career, whatever that might be. I had an awful time getting over this idea.

Excursions Into Forbidden Paths

FURTHERMORE, I was told, "Hew to the line. A man can not serve two masters. Don't starve to death like the ass between two bundles of hay. You can not sit on two stools at once." My readers can see at a glance how well brought up I was. All the ancient saws and sampler sentiments were blended in a chorus of parental and pedagogic ad-

vice that are, I suppose, the lot of every man who is part of a social system. All this was distinctly terrifying to me. I felt as if I were condemned, merely by having been born, to go through life with a ring in my nose and blinders on, and I didn't like the idea at all. It was a long time before I ventured to peek round corners and make hasty excursions into forbidden paths, but when I did I had such a grand time and felt so exhilarated and triumphant that I have kept on doing so, more and more. If I had been consciously praying I should have said, "God, save me from being a rubber stamp!"

For most men, escape from this condition is impossible only because they don't try. Certainly, terrific conditions are against them. Think of the tremendous development along mechanistic lines. More and more, men are becoming cogs. As the scope of our great enterprises widens, the field of the individual contracts. Think, too, of the huge and not unamusing reversal of form in business since the dynamic "Teddy" Roosevelt was smashing the Trusts, the Big Interests! Mergers are now the order of the day, the bigger the better. Billion-dollar combinations are a by-word. Where stood the corner grocer's shop is



Illustrations
by Stuart Hay

now a chain-store; the village tobacconist is no more, if the big companies can help it. Only in strictly rural and isolated communities is there any of that spicy individualism in business which flavored and enlivened the days of my boyhood.

A Day of Specialization

I THINK fondly of Ford's Bakery whither my schoolmates and I used to rush at recess to buy chocolate-covered ginger-cakes and cream puffs, fresh ones two cents, yesterday's one cent, those with flies in them two-for-a-cent. We didn't eat the two-for-a-centers, but slipped them in the pocket of a friend so that we could bump up against him and make a nice mess. Mr. Ford was a grand old patriarch with a long, white, Father Time beard. He used to chide us, Oh! so gently, when we got too rough or tried to filch anything. He was ineffective but far more glamorous than the white uniformed minion of the red-fronted chain-store who now rules in his place.

Figures, alarming to me, show that our people are increasingly crowding into the cities, following the centralized industries of which they must be a part or perish. And in most cases, as I have said, the individual's part, however necessary or important, is a small one. He is a big cog or a little cog, but he is still a cog. Some of the specializations are interesting. Large banks have ornamental vice-presidents whose job is to play golf or bridge with promising prospects. Other concerns maintain a speakers' bureau to supply oratory for the Engineering Society's banquet, the Men's Club meeting, the Girl Scouts'

A Plea for Digressions in this Highly Specialized World of Ours

drive, and the Old Ladies' Home fair. No age or condition of humanity is neglected. A man is trained to grapple with each, to turn its interest toward the special business he represents.

In the so-called professions we see the same development of confining specialization. In medicine, where is the kindly "general practitioner" of yore, who had a pill that was "good for what ailed you," a smile for the patient, a word of cheer for Mama, and who stepped into the dining-room for a glass of sherry with Papa before climbing into his buggy and clop-clopping down the street? Where is he? He isn't. His successor is probably working for a big life-insurance company, rushing around the country in a car, or, if he is really succeeding, he is devoting himself exclusively to ear-drums, tonsils, or kneecaps. Every part of the human anatomy has its individual caretaker. A good old-fashioned "break-down" calls for a medical congress, and a really serious case, with complications, has to be treated in an armory!

The young architect of today, if he would go far, must decide whether he will specialize in the designing of hotels, apartments, office-buildings, railroad-stations, factories, churches, theaters, football stadiums, Y. M. C. A.'s, libraries, schools, grain elevators, or country houses. They are all on the menu but above them are the ominous words, "Choice Of." Take your pick, young man, and go to it, but don't try to bite your neighbor's sandwich. It's not done.

Similarly the law-school student, even before he graduates, must decide what flavor of law will make him famous. Will he try criminals, fight for corporations, wrangle with realtors, settle estates, or ease his clients out of their income taxes? The field is open, but he must choose his lane and run in it.

Oh, yes, we are specialists all right, and in this highly competitive age this is probably necessary. But our business

life is not entirely to blame. There is our home life. How do we live that?

Most of us, I fear, slightly beyond ourselves. We are never satisfied. We always want a little more than we've got, and we usually get it before we are entitled to it. Living standards, in expense and equipment, keep on rising and we chase along after them. Life is a hectic scramble for many a man, believe me. Take the obvious case of the automobile. Remember when we used to say of the So-and-so's, with bated breath, "They have a car!" They were of the elect. The automobile was the appurtenance of the plutocrat. But this didn't last long. Mr. Ford and his competitors changed all that. Little garages began popping up everywhere.

The Treadmill Existence

REMEMBER your own first car, when it was new and shiny? Was there ever anything so beautiful, with such perfection of polish and performance? Then someone left it out in a hailstorm, your wife backed into a hydrant, you . . . yes, you . . . took one of the doors off backing out of the garage, the front mudguards began to hang down like the ears of a dejected dachshund, and the bloom was off the rose. You began thinking about a new car, didn't you? Don't deny it!

Not long ago I read an astute advertisement that asked pertinently, "How about that Second Car?—the Handy Little Coupé for the Missis to do her Shopping In?" Come now, isn't it the truth that it is no longer a question of the second car, but of the third? and the fourth? There is Daughter to be thought of . . . she drives beautifully . . . and Son, who is just graduating from college where everything

is taught but walking. As one of my friends said, who has been adding annually to his garage space, "All I need now is a filling-station and a repair-shop. I'm always one step behind the procession and one jump ahead of the sheriff!"

This is an extreme case, I admit, but, in modified and various forms, it is typical of the sort of thing that is keep-



"The enthusiastic playing of the nineteenth hole is apt to counteract the benefits of the other eighteen."

ing to the grindstone many a nose that would gladly sniff the flowers of other fields. Between home and office demands, too many of our men are forced into a hideous tread-mill sort of existence from which they *dare* not try to escape.

And now that I have gotten my hero, the average business man, into such a piteous pickle, how do I propose to get him out? I can't abandon him. I remember a grand story by Mark Twain about a young lady who masqueraded as a Prince. Having built up a situation from which there was absolutely no escape, Mark frankly laid his cards on the table and said, in effect, "There she is, and I can't get her out. It's up to the reader to do it!" In a serious essay like this that wouldn't be playing the game. Besides, I have a few ideas on how to help the cog out of the bog, to use a scrambled metaphor.

The Escape from Mediocrity

AM not a reformer. A sermon on thrift and economy and the budget system would come ill from me who have never cultivated any of these laudable habits. But, taking the average man as he is, enmeshed in his busy world, I can and do urge him strongly to take up some worth-while hobby, some serious avocation, and to follow it as relentlessly as his leisure hours will permit. I would advise him to survey this whole question of hobbies and then carefully select the particular one to which his fancy and his inclination seem most naturally to turn. "Good Heavens!" you say, "another thing to do, when he has just been telling us we are too busy. And a *serious* hobby! The man is crazy!"

No, for a hobby is essentially a thing a man likes and the more seriously he takes it, the more intense will be his pleasure in it. Moreover, the time used will merely replace that now otherwise employed.

Far and away the most popular extra-curriculum activity, I believe, of the American male of today—and this goes for other countries, too—is golf. Golf is all very well. It is popularly supposed to reduce the abdomen and increase the resiliency but, in this regard, I note that the enthusiastic playing of the nineteenth hole is apt to counteract the benefits of the

other eighteen. However, it promotes good fellowship, enlarges the vocabulary, both sacred and profane, and is a real relaxation. But oh, how vociferous it is, and how deadly dull, even as one golfer to another! Haven't you often seen two ardent players trying to explain to each other what happened to their respective games? The air is clouded with battling words. Neither wants to listen to the other. Briggs, infallible recorder of our times has perfectly illustrated this in his memorable series, "Me and Mine." As for the innocent bystander, the non-golfing auditor, he must bear it as best he may. And where does it get him? No, golf is not the sort of digression I have in mind.

At night, when golf is impossible, I seem to see our harried hero parked on the divan with the radio turned on full blast, of which he is happily only semi-conscious, or, prodded into activity by the wife and kiddies, rubbing his tired eyes in the glare of "the silver screen." With all due respect to two great industries, radio and the movies, I must opine that no influences which affect our home life assail it with such a stupendous mass of driveline ineptitude, mentally debilitating and often worse. That we accept them as patiently as we do is partly because our critical standards have been completely broken down and debased and partly because we have nothing better to turn to. And there are so many things!

What I am thinking of as desirable for "the tired business man," . . . a made-in-America phrase . . . is the stirring of his brain and hands, if possible, to some intelligent "side-line" that will lead him out of mediocrity and make him a more interesting human being. This sounds offensively didactic. But I have spoken of a number of "shining exceptions"; let me give you a few out of my own experience.

One of my friends, a broker, bought a country place. His wife was very

keen on antiques. What wife isn't? She began her collecting by buying a Windsor chair, minus one rung and two spindles. A chair is always the beginning. It is the germ-carrier of the antique disease. Once you have bought a chair, you are infected. After that, every motor drive was marked by regular stops, discussions, bartering and, usually, purchase. Decrepit tables and cupboards began to clutter up the place. My friend composed a song with which to infuriate his wife.

"You take the high-boy, and I'll take the low—
And I'll reach the poor-house before you."

The Language of Wood and Glue

HE HAD discovered that a table he bought for ten dollars would set him back sixty when the cabinet-maker had had his way with it. Always having had an itch to get back to his toolbox days, he set up a shop in a corner of the garage and tackled the simpler repair jobs. Today he is his own cabinet-maker and a master. He not only mends but makes. His shop, now a part of the house, is a model, perfectly lighted and equipped with the right tool for every job. His golf clubs are rusty, to be sure, but his planes, saws, chisels, and calipers gleam brightly, as do his eyes when anything touching on and appertaining to furniture is mentioned. Both his mind and his bookshelves are storehouses of information. He speaks the language of glues, finishes, and woods as well as of styles, influences, and transitions.

"Boring," you say? To some, perhaps, but to many intensely interesting, above all to himself. In addition, he is an extremely handy man to have about the house, where he usually is instead of at the club.

Exhibit two. One of my doctor friends came to me one day and with some embarrassment confessed that he would like very much to paint. "Landscapes, not fences," he carefully explained.

He was in a quandary. How to get started, at his age? . . . over fifty . . . was it possible? I gave him the best advice I could think of, told him the only way to start was to begin, and then get a competent painter to criticise his work once a week and show him where he was on the wrong

(Cont'd on p. 56)



"I can and do urge him strongly to take up some worth-while hobby."

The third of a notable series of letters—

A Rotarian's Letters to Himself

From the Sanctuary of my office, October 1, 1929.

DEAR ROTARIAN ME: There began to be indications that the innocent-looking letter I wrote to you a couple of months ago is destined to extend into a series. Tonight I have reached into my desk and drawn out those first two letters. Reading them over, it has seemed to me that they have marked the transition in my Rotary life from animal to man, from the lunch-eating member interested only in his appetite to a thinking, reasoning being who seeks to test in his own mind the tenets of Rotary philosophy.

I'm going to write you another letter tonight and then place it with the other two as a sort of log of the journey from the City of Destruction through the Slough of Despond and over the Hill of Difficulty. I'm writing to you to enable you to experience the trip with me, particularly the part that leads through the Valley of Humiliation. A little of that, I believe, should be your portion.

We seem very intimate tonight. You are more real. I feel as if I could talk aloud and you could hear me. Why not? Rotary once was a separate existence with me. I could put it on and take it off like a linen duster,—and about as much good it did me. But the past two months have developed a bond between us. Rotary is beginning to enter my life and I have put a little of my own personality into yours.

You will recall that in my last letter I quoted a conversation with the secretary of our Rotary club, Harvey Whitcomb. The one point that stuck in my memory was this: That I had been trying to express Rotary before I had received the right impressions of it. Which was right. I had been out exemplifying to the world the blessings of Rotary and yet I didn't know how I was



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNHARDT KLEBOE

in Rotary, why I was in Rotary, or where Rotary and I were going.

I went back to Harvey and I asked him where I could get the right impressions of Rotary. He replied: "Why don't you start off in Rotary *fresh* again? Why don't you retrace your steps, find out how you came in and why? Then you form your own ideas of what Rotary is trying to teach and trying to be. Once you've anchored your faith on that sort of a foundation, it will be safe to turn you loose in the community."

The more I thought about it, the more I reasoned that this was good advice. It sounded sensible. I undertook to find out why I was in Rotary and how I got there. What I found out was a surprise to me, such a surprise that I invite you now to step down into the Valley of Humiliation for a few moments. I have a few things to say to you in private.

"... a sort of log of the journey from the City of Destruction through the Slough of Despond and over the Hill of Difficulty"

I seem to recall that you said to a group of Rotarians that you didn't object to serving on the Boys' Work Committee or the Student Loan Fund Committee or the Vocational Service Committee because these groups were doing things, but that you didn't want to be placed on the Club Service Committee because it was just routine.

I wonder if you realized then how much of a Rotarian's span of existence comes under the guidance of the Club Service Committee. It is there that we deal with the mechanics of our Rotary movement, with the things that give it flesh, blood, and form, that make it possible for us to assemble men together in order to increase their contribution to their craft and their community. And you called that routine.

Why, the first place where Rotary touches the prospective member is in the Membership Committee, a part of club service. The way Rotary hears of him is through the Classifications Committee, another part of the club service. When he gets into the club, they bind him to it by fellowship and good programs,—both parts of club service. Routine? It's the one place where we begin to serve our club as a club.

Let's see: Didn't you intimate that our club was being run by a little clique and that nobody got in except the fellows the clique wanted? Yes, and I kept still because I thought so too. But if I had known, I would have told you that our club regularly surveyed our community and established through its board of directors a roster of unfilled classifications, that I had the same right to propose a man for one of those openings as any other member of the club and if I didn't do it, that was my bad luck and the club's misfortune. But you said there was a great mystery about

how men got in and inferred a man needed a "pull" to make it.

There was color to what you said, for we could remember that new chain-store manager who came here. It was a chance to get some good business by helping him into the Rotary club, and then the board rejected him. We did quite a bit of talking, you in the Rotary club, and I up and down the streets. We thought "chain stores" was as good a classification as "dry goods-retailing" and it wasn't the same, even if the businesses were identical. They could have taken our man in by switching classifications around a little. But they wouldn't do it, so we criticized and condemned.

You get this straight. It isn't "pull" that makes a man a Rotarian, it's position. It's what he does and the way he does it. The term "what he does" is the sole consideration before the Classification Committee; "the way he does it" makes all the difference in the world to the Membership Committee.

It is all so simple if we look at it rightly. There's no mystery about the way men get into Rotary. There can be only two ways: the right and the wrong. The right way is to have a Classifications Committee that surveys the community and establishes a list of filled and unfilled classifications. With that list before them, the directors of the club decide that certain classifications will be opened and publish a list of them. Any member may suggest a name for one or all of these classifications. Out of these suggestions will come a name that the Membership Committee, the Board of Directors, and the members of the club will approve. That way lies club success.

Trouble comes when we try to change it for the benefit of our friends. No man is bigger than the integrity of Rotary. We need no man so badly that we must lie to get him in. We want every member to express honesty in his business life, his private life, his community life. If he knows there was dishonesty in his election, he will have little respect for our requests. It all goes back to impressions. If we want the right kind of a club member we must give him exactly the right impressions in those important details of his Rotary

life handled by the Club Service Committee. I can hear you grumbling that you have always talked about honesty in classifications. To which I would answer that you have, except when your ox was getting gored. But more seriously, you have entirely missed the purpose of classifications. You have used it as an obstacle by means to establish and define the hundreds and thousands

of channels through which the philosophy of Rotary might flow out of the craft into the community.

As an obstacle? Exactly. Bill Smith's name is suggested. We dislike Bill and so we discover that his classification is filled. We are very honest. Tom Brown comes up. We like Tom. By changing Henry's classification to "Garages" and John's to "Tire-Retailing" we can

bring Tom in under "Auto Parts-Retailing." The dishonesty involved is bad; the use of classifications to discriminate between men is worse.

I belong to a few fraternal orders. About every meeting, I hear the presiding officer (never mind what we call him; that would name the order) get up and read the membership statistics. Invariably they indicate that the order is declining or would have declined had it not hit upon an appealing idea of charitable work. I've concluded that straight fraternal orders are finding it increasingly difficult to hold their members.

When Interest Ceases

WHAT causes that? Can there be a wave of resentment against fraternities because of their exclusive character. Elbert Hubbard defined a fraternity as a scheme for shutting the world out by shutting ourselves in. If the principle of classification is incorrectly applied, Rotary becomes just that and will suffer. But with the principle correctly applied, Rotary becomes just the reverse. We open new classifications to serve as new points of contact in the community. We do not even keep our competitor out, for if we act as ambassadors to our craft, we seek to bring him into the sphere of Rotary influence.

If the fraternities lose members and Rotary grows, is it not a sign that the

average business man, particularly the American business man, does not want to be restrained by a vow from telling his neighbor about some good thing? In the United States, we are a people of steeples and domes. We seem born evangelists, going about telling of those things on which our faith is founded. We prefer to be charged with the responsibility of carrying something to our neighbor, rather than keeping something from him. Thus it has been that membership by classification has strengthened our organization by requiring that each member serve as an ambassador to his craft, not to conceal something from the other members, but to bring to them a story of ideals which Rotary has found to be helpful.

You told me that classifications was a principle to keep men out of the club; I have learned that it is a device to bring them in. Similarly you told me that club programs were intended to exploit my own pet community projects; I have learned that they exist to develop in the individual member an understanding of the philosophy of Rotary. This is done in two ways. First of all, the new member learns by listening to others as they attempt to interpret Rotary in the terms of their own life and experience. Then he is placed upon the program and he starts thinking for himself and expressing out of himself.

You told me that the development of acquaintance was solely a step in the development of new business. And I have found that likewise false. It is for the development of fellowship. Mark you, fellowship; not friendship. A man should lay down his life for his friend. I can't belong to an organization that seeks to place that obligation upon me and apply it to a hundred members. I can't treat a hundred men as a friend should be treated, but I can be their fellow; rejoicing in their joy and consoling in their sorrow. I can bind them to me by the tie of comradeship. We can sing and work and play together until I cannot bear to leave the club for the sake of losing them.

This—and more—is club service. And you called it routine! Don't you see that Harvey was right. We need to start again at the beginning. We need to probe deeply the club-service activities of our organization in order that we may tune the impressional side of our Rotary being into strict harmony with the real intent of Rotary philosophy and then go out into our vocation and our community to *express* Rotary, not a limited, exclusive, self-Rotary we have known, but the Rotary that masters us and unifies our lives through unending devotion to a cause, the Rotary that "was and is and evermore shall be."

Sincerely
TOM.

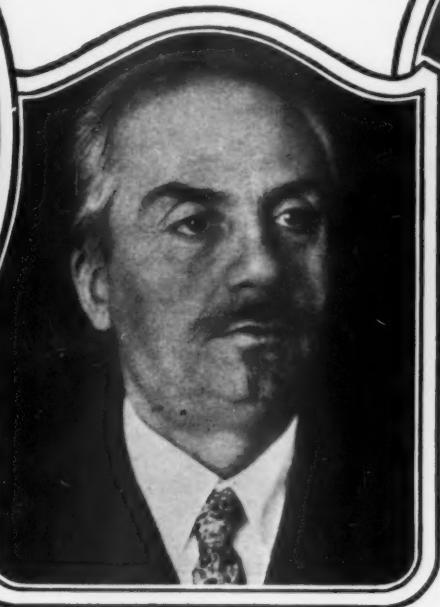


"A scheme for shutting the world out and shutting ourselves in."

Rotary Personalities



Dr. Vojislav Kujundzic, president and founder of the Rotary Club of Beograd, has been active recently in organizing a club in Novi Sad, the fourth club to be formed in Yugoslavia. He is an authority on sanitation and hygiene, and devotes much of his time to public-health service, holding this classification in his club.



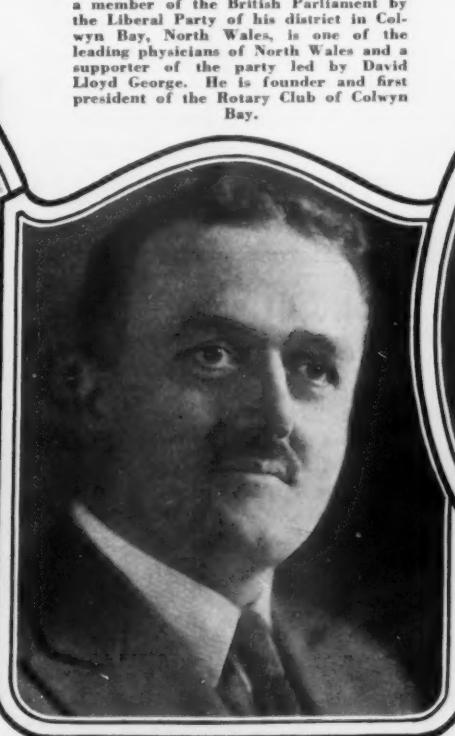
Paul Samuell, recently appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois received his legal education at Wesleyan University and goes to his post with a broad background of experience as a practicing attorney and county judge. He is a member of the Republican state central committee and of the Rotary Club of Jacksonville, Ill.



Daniel L. Marsh, Litt. D., LL.D., president of Boston University, has served for many years in the administrative councils of the Methodist Episcopal church, as a member of the General Conference, Board of Education, and various executive committees. He is a public speaker of note, and a member of the Rotary Club of Boston.



W. R. Todd, secretary of the Rotary Club of Cairo, Egypt, the first club to be formed in the land of the pyramids and the sphinx, was one of the active organizers of the club, devoting many months to the preliminary work of creating a strong charter membership. He is assistant general manager for Egypt of Thomas Cook & Sons, Ltd.



Below: J. H. Morris-Jones, M. D., elected a member of the British Parliament by the Liberal Party of his district in Colwyn Bay, North Wales, is one of the leading physicians of North Wales and a supporter of the party led by David Lloyd George. He is founder and first president of the Rotary Club of Colwyn Bay.



Alfred Sasso is Associate Manager of the firm of Sasso Hermanos, which controls a number of large importing and exporting concerns in Costa Rica. Active in many civic and public welfare organizations, he is president of the Chamber of Commerce of Costa Rica, vice-president of the Red Cross, and founder of the Rotary Club of San Jose.

Photo: Harris & Ewing



A By-Product of Club Membership

How one father earned his way into the mystic realm of boy-land

"At other times we threaded our way among tugs and steamers . . ."



THE luncheon club idea has swept the United States and crossed national boundary lines to put content and significance into our official title "International."

Luncheon clubs are not so many groups of "hurrah" boys, as some of the would-be humorists and critics would have the world believe. Their membership is generally drawn from the ranks of business and professional men who furnish much of the brains and moral brawn for every worthy enterprise in their respective communities.

Like some golf players, these men stick by their clubs because of several "attractive features," among the major ones being opportunity for broadening the circle of acquaintances, deepening friendships, sharing in worth-while club activities such as the ever-popular boys' work, and enjoying a weekly entertainment.

But aside from these broad and general benefits there are frequently by-products of club membership that are surprisingly worth while. I would like to tell you the story of my own experience, for it may help some other man to see where some values of club membership lie. It is the story of a by-product.

The greatest contribution membership in a luncheon club has made to my life is an awakened interest in my own boys of whom I have three.

For years I lived along with what is probably the impression of tens of thou-

Deciding to enter the circle of his own boys in the rôle of boon companion, a father tells how he achieved his purpose and what became of it, making an intensely human story of the companionship possible between father and sons.

By EDWIN B.
TOWNSEND

sands of fathers and husbands, namely, that when a man has brought in the pay cheque and made reasonable provision for a home in which to live, clothes to wear, food to eat, sufficient cash to meet school expenses, doctor's bills, and the dribble of petty expenses attendant upon daily life of the average family, he has done his fair share. The rest is up to friend wife.

As I set the items down in black and white they do look like quite an order. But when I analyze the list I discover that each item classifies me only as a provider. There isn't any word that hints at a man being a husband and a father. And the things I have heard in numerous talks given before our lunch-

eon clubs have made me realize that I was glorying in being "a good provider," but that I was neglecting the finer obligations of my own family relationships.

At a certain meeting of our club a gentleman from California was making a plea in behalf of the boys who need fathering. He said, "There are thousands of fine boys growing up without the close companionship of a grown man to father them." That sentence hit me. My mind flashed back to my own three boys. I realized that it was several years since I had made a really intimate contact with them. We had been living under the same roof and I had been paying the bills, but aside from that there had been little in common.

The boys are in their early teens, just at the most impressionable age and when the friendship of a man of experience is, by many boys, most cherished. It is the age of hero worship. In the club we were considering plans to reach out a helping hand to a group of perhaps sixty or seventy boys. A few of the boys are fatherless. The fathers of the other boys are laboring men largely out of touch with the strong currents of the business world. Our plan was to offer these boys our friendship, buddy with them, talk over their problems with them and sort of father them along till we could help them get their bearings and place themselves advantageously in the great army of the world's workers.

It was while this plan was under formulation for adoption that I realized that here in the club I was planning for other men's sons the advantages of a friendship I had withheld from my own sons. And so it came about that in the form of a by-product of club membership there came into my life some of those priceless experiences that enrich the days and nights a man spends with his own boys.

To correct the error of my ways as a father I did not attempt to accomplish every thing at once. I knew it would mean new adjustments in my own schedule, some sacrifices of long cherished habits, the assumption of an interest in some of the boys' games to which I was not personally drawn, and perhaps a few words of explanation and confession to my wife who through the years had borne the brunt of responsibility for the health, pastimes, morals, and education of the boys. None-the-less I made a start, and this is how I did it.

This Was the Beginning

I BEGAN to loaf around where the boys were playing. Gradually I began to show a lively interest in their games. On occasions I edged into their games and played with them. After a few days of this gradual approach, the initiative of which had been taken entirely by myself, I began to get invitations from the boys to join them in their fun. They seemed pleased to have me do so. At first I felt a little "sheepish" getting down off my "manly dignity" to shoot marbles or throw jack-knives. But I did it. And I'll confess right here that after the first embarrassment had passed off I did enjoy it. It took me back to happy, care-free days of boyhood long since forgotten in the press of professional life.

One day my oldest boy came to me and said, "Dad, I wish you'd get us a hammer and saw that are good for something. That old rip-saw in the cellar is rusty and dull as a hoe. And the hammer isn't anything but a thumb-jammer. Every time we boys want to make something, well, we just can't because we have no good tools." That was a wide open door through which I looked for once straight into a boy's heart. I could so well remember the old draw-horse and drawing-knife which constituted about my whole kit of tools when a boy on the farm. And didn't I wish then that I had a few really good tools! Of course my father had tools,

but he didn't encourage my use of them. Any of my readers who are wise will read between the lines of that last sentence.

That night I brought home what proved to be the nucleus of quite an elaborate little home work-shop, a hammer, a good hand-saw, a plane, a screw-driver, and five pounds of assorted wire

nails, and gave them to the boys. And you should have seen how quickly the boys found they had need for those tools and nails. The hammer, the saw or the zip of the plane could be heard down in the basement during many of the off hours when the boys were home. In that little basement work-shop we have built kites, sleds, windmills, sling shots, whole fleets of model ships, boxes, little wooden puzzles, and jumping

jacks galore. The collection of home-made products and accessories would do credit to the toy section of a mail-order catalogue.

Moreover, we have added to our collection of tools. Today it includes a fairly good set of usual carpenter tools together with a home-built turning lathe, a small, home-built buzz-saw, a small band-saw (not home-built), an old drill-press, and a number of cases of drawers in which is a marvelous assortment of small bolts, screws, brads, tacks, washers, bits of wire, hinges, tool-handles turned out on the lathe, and what-ever-you-want we've got it. Some of these things were bought at the Five and Ten Store, some we have salvaged from here and there, but the best, of course, we purchased from the local hardware dealer.

The small machines requiring power are driven by a quarter horse-power motor. The motor is so adjusted to the saws and lathe that it can be readily changed from one to another. At a small repair shop that was being closed out because of the death of its owner we bought a good mitre box and a vise and quite a variety of chisels. And so through several months we worked along together, father and sons making contacts in boy-land, getting acquainted. My wife frequently refers to our basement workshop as "boy heaven."

I Am Accepted

BUT our fellowship didn't stop there. As soon as the boys found I was responsive to their appeals to participate with them in their games and other interests they began to invite me to go with them on hikes, swimming, boating, fishing, Scouting. I was taken into their circle and made one of them. And I'll say to a lot of dads who may perchance read this record of my experiences, that in no other group of individuals, whether business, church, or lodge, have I ever sensed a finer, cleaner spirit of comradeship and loyalty than I have among my own boys and their friends.

Vacation time drew near. Together the boys and I built a flat-bottomed boat, seven and a half feet wide, twenty-four feet long and roofed with a canopy. We installed in it an old four-cylinder automobile engine, and under our own power took a camping trip one hundred fifty-four miles down the Ohio River and back again. During that trip we ate and slept on the boat, we studied the government navigation signals used by big river steamers; we were passed through the great government locks and had opportunity to study how they were operated; we learned the use of the "wickets" and the "bear trap" at the locks, and



"And so we worked along . . . father and sons getting acquainted."



"Sometimes for miles we travelled . . . where we seemed to be the only living beings."

how "waves" are made for the great fleets of freight barges that ply America's inland waterways.

One night we tied up under the willows on Blennerhasset Island, the island made famous by Aaron Burr's visit, when Burr sought the support of Blennerhasset in an attempt to carve an empire for himself out of Uncle Sam's great South-west territory. The attempt was futile, as every one knows. But it made an interesting page in American history. Of course we had the little "twenty-two" along and got plenty of target practice. Every sandy beach at the head of the islands was an invitation to take a swim. Fresh vegetables we bought from farmers whose homes were along the river bank. Everywhere we went we found friendliness and a desire to serve the four inquiring wayfarers. Here and there we were able to secure an insight on local conditions that well repaid us for the short time we lingered.

The Hours We Loved Most

SOMETIMES for miles we travelled between willow-lined banks where we seemed to be the only living beings. At other times we threaded our way among tugs and steamers, barges and bridge abutments, and were on the alert to see that the traffic didn't get us. But the evening and morning hours were our witching hours. Then it was that the boys liked to sit on our small deck and watch the blue shadows come creeping down from the hills enfolding all at last in their soft embrace. Or in the morning, just before sun-up when the misty wraiths of the River hung like a thin veil over the waters and the fantastic shadows of the retreating night crept away into the hollows: those were the hours we all loved most.

That boat was built and the trip was made at a total expense of perhaps two hundred dollars. We were on the river twelve days vacationing. But seldom do a father and his boys get closer together than we did on that trip. The close-knit companionship of those days will go with us to the end of time. Moreover, there

were educational elements involved that can never be found in books, the education a boy gets from contacts with life in the raw. In October, 1929, the U. S. Federal government celebrated the completion of the canalization of the Ohio River from Pittsburgh to Cairo, and officially threw the river open to ships of commerce, the government locks and dams having been completed. My boys and I have passed both ways through twelve of those locks. And, incidentally, I want to pay my compliments to the operating engineers of the locks, and say that they are a most courteous and accommodating group of men. Government lock service on the Ohio is free to all comers.

I say the trip was educational. At one point we came to the great tipples of a nearby coal mine and had the privilege of seeing the long trains of small mine cars loaded with coal come trundling down the narrow-gauge track from the mouth of the mine up on the hillside to the tipple built at the river front. Barges were floated up under the tipple and the coal in the cars above was dumped onto great screens over which the coal came thundering and rattling down being graded by the screens on the way into fine and coarse lump and then automatically shunted by chutes into different barges. It is worth something for any one to see and know about such operations. It is especially pleasant for a father and his boys to learn of them together.

Together we studied the operation of the sand and gravel dredges that bring up from the bottom of the river barge load after barge load of washed sand and gravel for all sorts of cement work and highway construction.

We hailed the great river passenger steamers with our au-

tomobile horn and were in turn saluted by their big whistles. Clam fishermen, shanty-boat men, tourists journeying from points near Pittsburgh by flat-boat, as did our pioneer ancestors, to points on the lower Mississippi, summer campers, groups of happy bathers on sandy beaches and an occasional ferry-boat man, were among the people we met on this trip. From each we learned something new, and we learned it together, father and sons.

They Are Your Job

AND that is the point to this article. That as a by-product of the club membership I was induced to again enter the mystic realm of boy-land where the world is full of new sights and sounds, where realization exceeds anticipation, where the freshness of dewy morning hours is not forgotten e'er the cool shadows of evening throw their comforting purples over river and valley and hill, and where the high emprise of exploration and discovery forever fill the heart with zest for life.

The pass-word to this mystic realm of boy-land is sincerity. Do your bit, share equally in the fun and chores and you will live in an enchanted land of wonder, secrets, and mysteries found only in the heart of a boy. All the joys and sorrows of boyhood will again be yours. And it will be yours just for the asking. No magic shibboleth is required to gain the heart of a boy—your boy. The only requisite is an honest desire to participate in his fun and the ability on your part to make some definite contribution as your offering toward whatever the adventure may demand in the way of accessories or expert knowledge. And then, suddenly, you will find yourself ushered into the wonder land of boy interests.

Try it, dads, just try it. Edge in on your own boys. Play the boy-game with them now, and when they become men they will play the man-game with you. Why? Because as boys they have seen life through your adult eyes; and because you as a man have seen life again through a boy's eyes. Stick to them. They are your job. See them through to a clean finish.



"We hailed the great river passenger steamers . . . and were in turn saluted by their whistles."

The Inside of the Sandwich

How two men were misled by surface appearances

By DWIGHT MARVIN

THE boy had stopped for a moment at a wayside stand for luncheon. His motor still purred; for he was in a hurry and had to eat while he drove. Already he had covered more than a hundred miles that morning and the road ahead was long. These week-end holidays from college were hectic experiences; but, after all, they were worth the trouble.

"A chicken sandwich," he gave his order, "and make it snappy. I've two hundred miles to go before sundown."

The proprietor hurried the sandwich into his hands and accepted the fee. It was a glorious concoction—substantial, fresh, sealed in white tissue and presenting every evidence of clean and careful preparation. The price was high, but the hungry lad felt it was well worth the money. He jumped into the car. There was a quicker, noisier roar for an instant and he was on his way.

As soon as he had a free road ahead of him, gingerly he tore the paper from the sandwich and, with one eye on the highway and the other on his crude, single-handed efforts at the preparation of his frugal meal, he bit into it. The eagerness of his face was clouded at once with uncertainty. In a moment another bite. The uncertainty became disgust. He slowed down, turned his car to the side of the road and examined his purchase. It was a cheese sandwich! And he didn't like cheese.

* * * * *

Another youth of more mature years heard of the Rotary club in his town. He knew it was good fun. He had been a guest to one or two of its meetings. Many of his friends were members and they were always telling him about it. But he was not impressed. He had his own ways of enjoying himself.

Then one day a Rotarian came to him and told him something of Rotary's ideals—of human brotherhood that did not disappear each week after dessert was served; of a helpfulness that was not bounded by the blatant announcements of Christmas outings and the presentation of flags; and of a spirit of friendship which was sweeping the world with a warm breath of peace and good will.

"That," said he, "is what I want. It is my kind of fun."

So he joined the Rotary club.

Not long after a citizen of the town was in financial difficulties. He had been a stalwart factor in all upstanding enterprises and had even been an officer of the Rotary club for a time. But he had extended himself too far and had come to grief. Our Rotarian knew that the trouble was not wholly of his friend's making. So one pleasant morning he dropped around to the office of another fellow-Rotarian and proposed a bit of quiet service.

"Not anything official," he explained. "You and I and some of the rest of the boys can lift this load from Jim's shoulders and nobody will be the wiser. Jim's a good gamble; and in the long run we won't lose anything. It's just a bit of service. A little touch of practical Rotary," he added.

To his surprise he was met with a vigorous rebuff. He was informed that the idea was chimerical; that business was business; and that those who lacked large capacity should not venture into deep water.

"Of course," challenged the fellow-Rotarian, "I believe in service above self, just as you do. But we can go to all sorts of silly extremes. We don't want to become crack-brained because we have a good motto."

"We Want Power, Not Projects."

LATER our friend noticed the need of a boys' camp and proposed Rotary support. It was voted down.

"Our club does not undertake projects," explained the president. "It strives to be inspirational, peping up its members to make a real contribution in the community to any public movement in which they are interested. How much better to put life into many existing enterprises than to concentrate on something new, making it really little more than an advertising medium for our club. We do not want projects; we want power."

The applause from his club-mates indicated the general approval which was felt for his logical and captivating phrases.

One day our Rotarian read of the chartering of an overseas club in a country with which his own nation had recently been at war. A sudden dream came into his soul—a dream which contained the germ of a plan filled to the brim with the very thing he believed to be the background of Rotary. He de-

cided to take his plan to the club at its next luncheon. Rising in open meeting, he told of the new organization and offered a comprehensive resolution—"that this club adopt the said overseas club as its buddy, toast it, correspond with it in its own language and next summer arrange, if possible, for the transfer of three or four sons of members from one country to the other for a vacation of understanding—an interchange for the sake of international good-will and an opportunity to indulge in a unique and helpful experience."

There was a flurry of excitement, some hasty whisperings at the head table and some hurried embassies to trusted leaders on the floor. Then an amendment was offered, and passed, that the toasting and the greeting be carried out as suggested; but that the proposed buddy club idea and the interchange of members' sons be confined to some country of similar language, history, and aspirations "so that we may be buddies in fact as well as in name."

The amended resolution was greeted with such a roar of applause that our friend felt constrained to accept it and voted for the revised proposal.

After the meeting the president came to him.

"That was a great scheme that you put over today," he insisted. "I believe things of this sort are true examples of the Rotary spirit. You are bubbling over with it; and very soon we must have you on the board of directors where you can share in formulating our program. We need your energy and your idealism."

But not long afterwards our Rotarian resigned. His fellow-members labored with him. He explained with due decorum that he had enjoyed the association immensely but he really could not take from the middle of his busiest day the time demanded of him. He simply couldn't get away from business on Tuesdays for an hour and a quarter. And thereafter on Rotary day he made his way to a comfortable corner of the lunch-room where he had formerly gone on Tuesdays; and after luncheon he smoked his pipe and dreamed or chatted with the old gang that congregated there about him.

For time had nothing whatever to do with his resignation.

The trouble was the inside of the sandwich.



"Try to imagine how our grandfathers would have reacted to the . . . Zeppelin, Lieut. Waghorn's speed record, and the radio."

Keeping Step With the Present

Are Rotary's ideals properly adjusted to the trend of human events?

By EDWIN L. STEPHENS

OUR organization of Rotary is probably the most striking modern example of an institution whose seeds contained the elements of a tenacious vitality and a far-reaching distribution wholly unsuspected by those who planted them. It is astonishing, and we can scarcely realize that an almost casual luncheon club of less than a half-dozen members, with scarcely a motive beyond friendly fellowship, in the spring of 1905, should have expanded, in less than twenty-five years, into a world federation of 150,000 business and professional men, from more than fifty civilized countries of the world, united in the ideal of service and proclaiming as one of their cardinal objects the promotion of understanding, good-will, and international peace. But that is exactly what has happened!

I say it is astonishing, but these are the times when men might almost become paralyzed in the astonishment-

nerve and lose the power of being surprised;—so frequently do new marvels happen in this amazing era of progress, invention, and expansion. "Nothing is too incredible for belief or too fanciful for expectation." Aladdin's lamp, the Magic Carpet, The Good Fairy, and even the Old Witch, have risen from the realm of childish imagination into the concrete world of practical reality. Try to imagine how our grandfathers, and even our fathers, would have reacted to the following news items:

1. Doctor Hugo Eckener arrived in Lakehurst, New Jersey, with sixty passengers, after a tour around the world in twenty-one days, in his airship the Graf Zeppelin.
2. The chimes of Big Ben striking twelve o'clock midnight in Westminster Hall, London, were heard in Prairie Center over radio through KDKA, the Westinghouse Station in Pittsburgh, at six o'clock yesterday evening.
3. The Premier of Great Britain, Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald, was entertained at dinner by the Council on International Relations Saturday evening at the Ritz-

Carlton Hotel in New York. Prairie Center radio listeners, as well as listeners in London and Paris, heard with interest both the introductory speech by Chairman Elihu Root and the address of Premier MacDonald.

4. Lieutenant Waghorn, a British flying officer, has recently established the new sea-plane speed record of 328 miles an hour.
5. Through conversations between Premier MacDonald and President Hoover, a naval disarmament conference of Britain, America, France, Italy, and Japan, has been called to meet in January.
6. Mr. Henry Ford gave a party last week to Mr. Thomas A. Edison, (and through radio to all the world), in celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the invention of the Edison electric light. Madame Curie, from Paris, was an honored guest. The president of the United States was present and spoke his greetings; and the greetings of President von Hindenberg, of Germany, and those of Professor Albert Einstein, were heard over radio from Berlin.

Astonishing as these things would be to the generation immediately preceding our own, they are already commonplace to us, and we are hastening toward the ever more surprising developments

that are apparently unfolding before our eyes.

Little wonder, then, at the interesting social phenomenon, which would have been hitherto so amazing, of the birth, growth, and expansion of the vigorous, wholesome, and creative idea of friendship, fellowship, and service which now blossoms over the whole world under the name of Rotary International.

All these lightning changes in the world about us are having the effect of making the world smaller, of bringing the peoples of all countries closer together, of breaking down the age-old barriers of estrangement which have so sharply divided the human family in the past. Nations are becoming better acquainted with each other through a larger number of personal contacts. Transportation, communication, and trade have become so much more regular, efficient, and frequent, the varying manners and customs of different nations and peoples are becoming so much better known and in part understood, that it is reasonable to expect the hastening of the day when the enlightened peoples of the whole world will know each other as well as, say, the peoples of the states of the American union know each other today. This will mean better understanding, larger sympathies, and a broader foundation for acquaintance, mutual interest, and friendship. It is easy to dislike a foreigner—a stranger; but not so easy in the case of an acquaintance whose human qualities are known and understood. The story is told of Charles Lamb that he once said to a friend, of a man who was walking off: "I hate that man." The friend replied: "Why Charles, I didn't know you had met him," to which Lamb replied: "I have not met him; I could not hate anybody I was acquainted with." That ideal disposition is rare, but the fact remains that mutual acquaintance does promote understanding and sympathy.

The Next Goal

AND this reducing, as it were, of the relative size of the earth, affords the most effective means of increasing and more widely distributing the blessings of civilization. People hitherto dwelling in remote isolation, far from urban conveniences, from good roads, from trade-centers, from schools and the contacts of culture, are now finding themselves within reach of graveled

and paved highways, in easy reach of markets for their products, of schools for their children, of towns and cities, of theatres, libraries, laboratories, museums, colleges and universities, of gardens and parks, of cathedrals, churches, monuments, and temples of art. The child born today in almost any country of the world has a hundred times the potential opportunity that existed for the child of fifty years ago. And with the ever-increasing power of production that we now see developing in every industry of our age, there is no just reason why the multiplied products of this increased power should not be so widely distributed as to provide health, education, culture, and comfort for all mankind.

But the great drawback to the consummation of this universal distribution of well-being and happiness is the per-

sistence of international war. All our civilizations of the past have been erected upon foundations that included military force, in the last resort, as the supreme argument of the sovereign powers of nations. The deep sentiment of patriotism has wedded the souls of citizens to their separate nations and governments, and their relations with strangers, or foreigners, have ever been subject to the jeopardy of prejudice, misunderstanding, impatience, intolerance, and injustice.

No proposition is more self-evident than that no broad fulfillment of the hope of happiness to the peoples of the world can be realized until international war shall be done away. This is the highest goal of the true humanitarian and philanthropist. But how shall it be achieved? We are met on every side with deep discouragement and with apparently insuperable objections and difficulties.

Human nature, they say, is the greatest obstacle; it never changes, and when put to provocation will always draw the sword. The arguments of reformers and progressives have ever been met with this dogma of the unchangeability of human nature. When national peace societies were being formed in the early years of the nineteenth century, they were twitted in satirical verse:

"The tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will;
But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatsoever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree."

Cultivating Human Nature

BUT it may be claimed, I think, that man is "a few chips" more changeable in nature than the oak or the beech—and that even these, as the foresters prove, can be made to grow larger, stronger, more thickly, and otherwise variously, in response to intelligent treatment. Burbank de-spined the thorny cactus of the desert, and converted it into a civilized fruit, in less than a generation. And doubtless even men—though foreigners and strangers to other men—might become civil and responsive to an enlightened and purposeful cultivation such as might conceivably be administered through forces like Education and Rotary International—and seriously and earnestly



"Doubtless even men might become civil and responsive to purposeful cultivation through forces like education and Rotary."

devoted to the attempt to fulfill—"This labour, by slow prudence to make mild A rugged people, and by soft degrees, Subdue them to the useful and the good."

On behalf of my own Classification, that of Education, I am happy to say at this time that it is making an effort in the direction of world-mindedness. There has been in existence for the past six years an organization under the name of the World Federation of Education Associations. I was present at its first meeting, held in San Francisco in 1923. Its third biennial session was held this year in Geneva, upon the theme: International Understanding and Good-Will through Education. This organization is composed of the national education groups of more than forty of the civilized countries of the world. (It is keeping pace with Rotary!) It has become a clearing-house for the comparison of national education problems in all these countries and throughout the world. A world-wide attack upon the common and universal problem of illiteracy is being planned by all of these countries in concert, and with the benefit for all, of the experiences of each. In this way, through the promotion of world-wide education, the increase of knowledge, the improvement of intelligence, and the awakening of sympathy, it is believed that the cause of international peace will be greatly forwarded.

Rotary, too, as we know, is doing inestimable service in the great cause. Its group in each of the countries it has entered is a cross-section of the leading elements of the society of that country. It is composed of men who are among the leaders in the professions, vocations, and industries in each community where established. They are lunching together once a week. They are in fellowship with each other and are growing in friendly and Rotary relations with the other clubs of their country. They are acquainting themselves with the modes and manifestations of the Rotary spirit in countries other than their own. They are learning—and they are helping us to learn—the subtle and serious and hitherto unexpressed and unrealized principles of Rotary. They are helping to form in us all a spirit of world-mindedness and a sense of the enor-

mous significance of the fraternal relation inherent in the existence and origin of man. "Homo sum; nihil humani alienum a me puto; I am a man; nothing pertaining to humanity do I regard as foreign to me"—a startling line from the old Latin poet, Terence, of nearly two thousand years ago—takes on an impressive meaning for us all. We may almost acclaim Terence as the first Rotarian!

Prophets of Evil

MAN is changeable—and improvable; and, in spite of all exceptional instances to the contrary, he is rising into a larger and a nobler sphere of being—to life on a higher plane. He has already come a long way. He is climbing out of the jungle and mounting into the sky. It is a far cry from Browning's ideal "of half angel and half bird" to Kipling's demonic "half devil and half child"—but in between these is the golden mean of Wordsworth's

"Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

And we may well believe with Emerson, not in two classes of men, the good and the bad, but in Man in two moods; we may appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. And the great world-task that lies before us is to "know our Man." As Pope says, "The proper study of mankind is Man"; and when the Greek philosopher said, *Gnothi seauton* (Know thyself), he meant, by the broadest in-

terpretation, Know humanity. It will take time. It has taken vast stretches of time for Man to reach his present meager knowledge of himself, for he has had to look for himself over vast spaces of the terrestrial sphere. But now that the earth is growing small, now that Time and Space are being annihilated, we may hope in the not too distant future to grasp the concept of Man in general, with the same ease with which we now think of an individual human being.

I believe that this great, this paramount cause of humanity is making headway in the world. We have seen human progress in many lesser ways. We have seen separate states successfully federated into a union that has stood the stress and strain of a century and a half of trial, through sickness and health, through civil war, and through all manner of conflicting interests. May not these partial successes be the harbinger of a final supreme success on a world-wide scale? May not even the principle of self-interest so operate as to make that interest apply to a larger, a universal Self? I think we may take courage from the new illumination that we now see breaking through the hitherto clouded sky of the Economists. In the past they have been prophets of Evil. They seem to cherish high hopes for the worst. They have always had two or three wars up their sleeve. Their "economic interpretation of history" and their philosophy of "economic determinism" have cynically pointed out that the heart of man is selfish and desperately wicked. They quote from Scripture that "there shall be wars and rumors of wars." They say that nations have always gone to war in the past, and that hence they will always do so in the future. The powerful manufacturing interests of the world must have markets. Muniton-makers must sell their wares. There must ever continue to be War and more War. But lately there has been a radical change in even the Economists' point of view. The aftermath of the Great War is bringing home the lesson that not even the victorious nation wins anything but trouble when it wins a war. Nobody wins. Every-

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"A startling line from the Latin poet, Terence . . . takes on an impressive meaning for us all."

The Abuse of Credit

—endangers the vital structure of all business

By THOMAS O. SHECKELL

HERE would be no occasion for considering this subject of "Pay Your Bills Promptly," were it not for Credit. I must therefore apologize for giving you some facts about credit that you know full well, and possibly some that you do not know, in order to lay a background for my subject.

Credit has been defined as confidence; confidence in the integrity and the ability of people to do the things they agree to do. It must have a substantial basis. When a merchant gives you credit he grants you the privilege of taking his goods upon your promise to pay for them at a subsequent time. Confidence in you is the basis of his dealings with you. Credit is not wealth or capital, but the permission to use another's capital. It has in itself no physical existence. It is machinery to aid in accomplishing the purpose of capital. It is a most priceless asset and yet it never appears in a balance sheet, except by implication and interpretation.

Credit is the life-blood of commerce. We are told that there is not enough money in the world to transact business on a cash basis, and we are told too that 95 per cent of the business of the world is done on credit.

A sale of merchandise or service is but a contract, and a sales contract is not completed until the purchase price is paid. The sanctity of contract is one of the basic principles of all constitutional law, and all parties to a contract have a right to expect it to be lived up to. If you as a merchant sell twelve cases of canned goods and deliver only ten to the purchaser, he immediately calls you to task. He expects you to fulfill your contract. Or if the agreement is to make delivery on March 1st, and it is not made then, he tells you of your contract. The terms of sale are an important part of the contract, but what a wholesale lack of observance of that part of the agreement has developed among business men. The bad debt losses of America, for instance, are estimated at \$400,000,000 a year. Think of what a tax that is on business. Those who do pay, must carry the load of those who do not pay their bills. Bad-debt losses are figured with the overhead expense and the profits in determining the sale price of goods.

There are something like two hundred collection agencies in New York City alone. They are supported by the man

In this article the author discusses some of the besetting sins of business: Over-selling and abuse of the installment plan, unjust claims, unearned discounts. These are interesting questions to Rotarian business men—and timely in view of the wide tendency toward business retrenchment.

who pays his bills and made necessary by those who do not.

Just a word as to the history of credit. In the early days of business men exchanged articles as their wants dictated. All business was done by barter. Then as enterprises developed, devoting their time to making certain things, they began to accumulate a surplus stock, above the demands of trade. To move this surplus stock a credit system was devised. A man could take the goods, sell them, and then pay for them from the proceeds. He was permitted to take them and sell them because of the confidence of the seller that he would come back and pay for them. The buyer traded on anticipated profits of the future.

Credit Based on the Three C's

CREDIT enters into almost every transaction of our every-day business life. Even the so-called cash sale may be in fact one in which credit abounds. When a cash purchase is paid for with a government banknote or a Federal Reserve banknote, it is a credit transaction, for the seller has confidence in the value behind the paper money he accepts in payment.

In the modern manufacturing business there are three distinct departments, the manufacturing or production department, the sales or distribution department, and the credit and collection department. The success of the business depends upon the coördination of all these departments, just as good health depends upon the proper functioning of the various organs of the human body. The credit department of most establishments today is a highly specialized department, and the men in charge are skilled in their work, which has developed into the dignity of a profession.

The foundation of modern credit is based on the three "C's," Character, Capacity, and Capital. Experienced business men agree that to analyze the moral, mental, and financial status of a credit-seeker is to analyze his character, his capacity, and his capital.

Character is that thing about a man which insures his doing the right thing. It embraces his moral code, and his integrity, and his willingness to pay. The late J. Pierpont Morgan placed character as the first requisite of a borrower as a basis for credit.

Capacity is the ability of a man to do the thing he undertakes to do. It is his mental ability. It depends upon his experience, his environment, and his location. He may be a man of character but lacking in capacity to do the job he undertakes. He must be familiar with his line.

Capital is the worldly goods that a man possesses as a basis for his venture. It is generally recognized that it bears an important part in determining a credit risk, but it is possibly the least important of the three "C's." The man who possesses these three prime requirements is an ideal credit risk. Lincoln once said that credit was a good thing not to abuse.

There has developed an alarming abuse of credit which threatens to undermine the whole credit structure. Unless business men recognize this and fight it with all their might, they will deprive themselves of some of the advantages they now enjoy.

The pernicious practice of taking unearned discounts threatens to eliminate the cash discount in many lines of business altogether. To do away with it would mean thousands of dollars' loss to prompt-pay merchants, but it is surely threatened. It is a live issue in many trade associations. The only way to combat the evil is to refuse to allow the discount when remittance is made after the discount date. Many merchants who think they are clever put it over and get away with it because the creditor is loath to insist upon the terms of sale being adhered to. It takes backbone but it must be dealt with firmly. It should be considered unfair and dishonest to take unearned discounts.

Likewise there is the allowance of unjust claims for shortage. It is a practice with some to make such claims, but it should be curbed. Such claim for shortage was made by a merchant to a whole-

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EDITORIAL

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Free Speech

SHORTLY after the World War a Rotary club in the United States refused to agree to a joint meeting with other service clubs in the community unless it knew what the speaker proposed to say. It happened that he had made a reputation as a sensationalist and in some of his addresses had been on the edge of an attitude which Rotary opinion generally would brand as un-American. The club was condemned in some quarters for its forbiddance of "free speech."

Doubtless free speech is one of the foundations of representative government. Yet even the most democratic states impose limitations. Obscenity is prohibited everywhere. Libelous attacks cannot be continued with impunity. Not long ago in London a play was ordered off the boards because it derided Premier Mussolini, administrative head of a friendly nation. Yet there is not a more democratic realm in the whole world than the United Kingdom.

Free speech is essential to modern life. But an organization with definite ideals may reasonably take a narrower view. There is no reason whatsoever for a church to feel compelled to welcome into its pulpit those who oppose the tenets of its faith. Nor is there any argument in favor of a Rotary club becoming a public forum for every heresy fanatics may advocate.

Moreover, Rotary stands for a method of doing things. Let us illustrate. It does not seek to attain its ends through political action. Political oratory is prohibited by common consent. Recently on the Atlantic seaboard a large club invited two rival candidates to speak at one of its luncheons; and it is still uncertain whether it offered *carte blanche* or not. At any rate, one of them took it. On the basis of "free speech" no other club need risk a similar

situation. It is not Rotary technique; and that is the end of it.

Men who do not favor the Rotary code and the Rotary way may organize and propagate their creed. But it certainly is proper for Rotary to watch with discriminating vigilance the rôle of those who are given the platform and the audience gathered weekly under the aegis of the local organization.

Santa Claus in a Machine Age

THE rubicund gentleman with the snow-white beard and benign expression, known as Santa Claus—doubtless a genial Rotarian in very good standing—will not be as prominent a personage on street corners and department stores this holiday time, if this machine age has its way.

Some store managers have already announced that the talking picture is to be used by them in bringing Santa Claus graphically to the indoor screen where he may captivate the youngsters with tales of his Arctic exploits, and perhaps issue practical suggestions on what Father and Mother really want for Christmas.

The disappearance from public gaze of so many counterfeits of Santa Claus will probably simplify the task of any Dad asked by Junior to explain the reason for so many Santa Clauses and their different styles of architecture. But something will be lacking if Old Nick himself does not appear in person plump and smiling, when snow mantles the hills at Christmas.

To hear his merry "hello," mingled with the jingle of the silver bells, and to know that he is actually in town with a sleigh-load of wonderful gifts after a long trek from the frozen north, is a deal more satisfactory than merely seeing and hearing him from a prosaic screen.

Any Dad—anywhere—who has long masqueraded in the toggery of Santa Claus at Christmas time, will probably prefer to continue in that rôle rather than delegate this romantic adventure to a flickering, squawking pinch-hitter.

Corpulent and Content

THREE is a great danger in success. We are told there are but three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirtsleeves. The fight against obstacles and handicaps makes a man. His desire to find an

COMMENT



easier path for those who come after him breaks the son or the grandson.

The organization faces a similar danger. When it is small and weak it labors strenuously towards its goal; and the very effort puts vitality into its nerves and sinews. Success comes. It has numbers, wealth, and respect. And it becomes corpulent and content.

This is no idle dream. It is the way of the world. It works with individuals, societies, empires, and civilizations. It is a continuing threat to every institution in the world, whether it be a dog hospital or an organization as broad as Rotary. If steady progress is to be achieved such a tendency must be checked at all hazards.

George Eliot wrote of those who were "ever pressing forward towards an unattainable perfection." True, perfection is unattainable, but if the pressing forward ceases the movement instantly becomes retrograde. There is no standing still.

Both organizations and individuals must cultivate a "divine discontent" at all times. They can never be quite satisfied, if they would win the higher hills of success. Like the athlete who retires and ceases his accustomed activities, their waist measure will soon increase, their hearts swing into double-quick time on the mildest exercise and their endurance, in whatever good cause, dwindle into a desire for ease and comfort.

Such a degeneration is not a fancy; it is a certainty. Unless one refuses to see any good in corpulence and contentment and, always alert and fearful of excessive repose, persists unflaggingly in keeping the muscles of service hard, the eyes of sympathy clear, and the pulse of brotherhood beating strongly, eventually he will face the inevitable. Fat and flabby, in heart and brain, he will sit in stolid stodginess while the procession of vigorous life passes by him unawares.

The Songs of Rotary

THE writer of this editorial attended the Princeton-Yale football game at New Haven in November. Never will he forget the great Yale Bowl with its 78,000 partisans cheering their teams. But it was when, from across the field, came the staccato song of Yale—"Bulldog! Bulldog! wow, wow, wow!"—that he began to realize the fighting background of the Blue team. The inspiration of 5,000 singing

sons of Eli was the spur that carried the players to victory. And when at last the Princeton men, en masse, stood on the stands with bared heads and hats waving high in the air, singing "Old Nassau" to their dear old Alma Mater, still dear even in defeat, the onlooker realized something of that mysterious college spirit which those two institutions have in such overflowing measure. Is it unreasonable to believe that the songs were more than the mere *expression* of loyalty—that they have had, through the years, a vital part in building it into the affections of Yale and Princeton men?

We may be sure that "Deutschland Ueber Alles" and "Die Wacht am Rhein" kept many a German regiment fighting in the late war after the fight had otherwise died in them; and we know what "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "Over There" did for American morale. What nation could live without its official anthem? Was it mere custom that pulled men to their feet during the Dallas convention pageant as their national airs were played?

Music has a tremendous power and pull. It "hath charms to soothe a savage breast," Congreve tells us; and he didn't tell the half of it. Every nation, institution, society, or college needs it.

We believe Rotary needs it. Rotary is largely a singing organization, especially in North America. One reason for the absence of singing in European clubs and elsewhere is said to be the lack of good songs rather than any inherent dislike of group singing. Rotarians who are members of "singing clubs" love to raise their voices, whether the song be some silly, ephemeral bit of nonsense or an aria from the classics. But many of them have long felt the lack of distinctive Rotary music of a high order. There are really but two of its songs that are widely used or known; and neither of them is wholly adequate. We should have a dozen, all better than any that are in existence. A worldwide competition to meet the need perhaps might help. Possibly spontaneity is requisite to success. At the Dallas convention a very unusual composition appeared with the New York City delegation, at least as good as anything we are singing today. But it seems to have died in the boning.

Cannot we have more good Rotary songs? The movement needs music in which it can express itself with the same courage and abandon shown at the Princeton-Yale game as the boys bared their heads and sang valiantly to the colleges they loved.



Illustration by A. H. Winkler

"SONNY, TELL ME—HAVE WE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING? IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE?"

*A short story which can be read
easily in five minutes—*

The Man Who Had Forgotten Christmas

By LARRY FLINT



OBODY came to the door of the house in Mulberry Row.

Nobody minded that nobody came—not even the Man Who Had Forgotten Christmas.

Alone in his cushioned chair he sat, like a monarch whose kingdom has crumbled, blind to the splendor of purple portals, deaf to the whimper of Winter winds, dead to the soul of the Yuletide.

Outside, kept there by forbidding shutters, sounded, clear and sweet, the cries of "Merry Christmas!" And what did it matter? The voices were not for him; he had long since grown deaf to the rabble. No longer he understood its language.

You must not blame the Man Who Had Forgotten Christmas. It may be that you do not understand. Into his life Christmas had come, like a pretty sweetheart; then from its eyes the love-light had gone. And he wanted no longer to woo.

Firelight from a flickering grate caressed the gaunt, grey walls behind him, moving as though lonely for something; listless, as if it were weary of waiting. Just for a moment it rested, like a halo, over an old frame on the wall.

Bolt upright from his chair sprang the Man Who Had Forgotten Christmas. For the glare of the hearth lit up the face of a lad smiling a sweet, wan smile.

"Shall I never forget!" said the man, sinking into his chair.

Fluttering weakly, as though tired of its empty quest, crept the firelight lower and lower. Softly, like a silken handkerchief, it swept the face of an old man, silent and still in a great chair, and then, failing to wipe away the

tears that it found there, it vanished into the open hearth.

Then a strange thing happened. Out of the picture frame on the wall stepped a lad with laughter on his lips. With silent footsteps he tiptoed to the great chair, and eager arms lifted him to the lap of the Man Who Had Forgotten Christmas.

As if by magic, in a corner of the room there rose a tree with tinsel foliage, bearing strange fruits of tops and toys, of oranges and candy, and jumping-jacks that scrambled up and down on little, green strings. A stocking, bulging to overflowing, lay on a chair beneath the branches.

Suddenly the dark, heavy shutters swung wide, flooding the room with light that long had been wanting to enter. The glory of peace swept away the shadows of the place. And, roaring with a sound like childish laughter, the hearth fire danced a joyous dance and played upon the splendor of the picture. There came from somewhere the music of voices caroling.

Into the face of the lad he held so closely looked the Man Who Had Forgotten Christmas. He looked as a man looks who hungers for laughter of red lips and the dainty dancing of joy in the faces of little people.

But the boyish smile had vanished. In its place were baby tears and in the blue eyes were only care and trouble. Just a little closer the old man folded the lad to his breast. It was not right for children to be sad on Christmas Eve.

"Sonny, tell me—have we forgotten something? Is there anything else? Whatever it is, you shall have it. Come now, this must be the merriest Christmas of all," murmured the old man.

The small face lifted and the baby lips replied: "No, Daddy, you have forgotten nothing. Everything I have wished for is here. It isn't that."

"What, then, my little son? Why are you troubled?"

"Daddy, it is for someone else. I do not know his name. But today I saw him. He was looking into a window at a big Santa Claus, and I know he was crying for a red wagon with blue wheels. It is like the one over there by my tree, only smaller and cheaper and not half so fine. I do not know where he lives, for a woman came and led him away. She had no coat and she shivered. And she brushed her sleeve across her face as though she had been weeping."

"Well, Sonny, maybe Santa—" began the old man, but he stopped suddenly.

For the lad on his knee was gone.

In the little frame on the wall he was, smiling his sweet, wan smile, as though there was no longer any trouble anywhere in the world.

Quitting his chair, the old man groped his way across the room until he stood face to face with the picture. There he stood for a long, long time, and his lips moved in the manner of one who is talking to someone. It was still Christmas Eve when he turned away, with a look almost of happiness, to a gloomy hall where hung a coat and a walking stick.

* * * *

AN HOUR later the dim lights of a dingy street fell wonderingly upon a costly car that swung slowly in from the direction of the downtown bustle of last-minute shopping. Beside the driver sat an old man whose face shone like a lad's who is strangely overjoyed about something.

"Wait here for me," he said.

And a puzzled chauffeur shook his head after the fashion of an unbeliever, and asked himself what a crazy, old man could be doing in such a miserable street, bearing under his arm a red wagon with blue wheels and whistling a Christmas carol.

An Unconventional Holiday

Two professors visit Cape Cod and broaden their education

By H. F. HARRINGTON

WELL, if we go to Provincetown let's do it by boat," said George. "Last year I went to the tip end of the Cape and back to Boston in the family bus all in one day, and I was a week recovering."

"It's much shorter by steamship," quoth I. "As the crow flies. . . ."

"You mean a sea gull," George interposed, thus showing his unlikeness from the average college professor in being very practical. "And then it depends whether the sea gull is carrying the air mail, or doing fancy diving."

The upshot of the discussion was that we agreed to broaden our education by visiting Provincetown on the good ship *Daisy Longwood* on the following Sunday, providing the weather proved fair.

"Suppose we meet at the main entrance of South Station at 9:20 o'clock," George remarked, "and then stroll down to the boat landing. Otherwise we'll be playing hide-and-go-seek most of the morning trying to find each other." And so we agreed.

Sunday morning came with the sun wrapped in gray wool, but as sojourners in Boston we knew that weather may change in the squeezing of a lemon, and that unless it was raining in torrents the engagement held. George hove in sight at the rendezvous, lugging his customary optimism and camera.

"There won't be much of a crowd today," he remarked, with professor-like certainty. "The weather looks rather threatening."

I agreed, unprofessorlike, and so we set out jauntily for the wharf where the *Daisy Longwood* awaited her passengers. But George was wrong. Everyone in Boston seemed bound for the *Daisy Longwood* and Provincetown—a woman with a parrot, clerks, school girls, honeymooners (and proud of it), descendants of the Pilgrims, stenographers, tourists in assorted sizes and accents. All were out for a holiday.

We had no more than adjusted ourselves comfortably into our canvas-back chairs on the upper deck there to study the animated film of docks, ocean liners, islands, fishing boats, and murky sky line, when George felt a spatter of rain upon his hand.

"This can't possibly last," he reassured me. "I think I'll take a picture of the harbor before we get into the Channel."

But a dab of a girl jostled his elbow,

and two gesticulating business men bungled into the foreground, so that George's view of Boston turned out to be a jazzed close-up of Topsy-Turvy Land.

It was a good-natured crowd determined to have a good time, in spite of leaden skies and mournful accordions.

When the *Daisy Longwood* in mid-afternoon swung around the Cape and headed for the penciled shaft of Pilgrim Monument set in a huddle of age-weathered houses and wharves, George again got his camera into action, and this time registered most of the ship's rigging, a slice of a straw hat, and a passenger eating a banana—very modern art.

OUR first impression of Provincetown on a gray afternoon was one of soft, sombre beauty, intensified by a glimpse of gently rocking boats, gray dunes, and wooded slopes that ran swiftly into the combing sea. This impression was quickly challenged by the megaphoned calls of boys advertising the merits of shore dinners, and the picture of the steamer crowd scrambling to get seats in the big sightseeing buses, for the *Daisy Longwood* was announced to make the return trip at 4 o'clock.

George and I passed up the opportunity of a lobster banquet, and contented ourselves with a roast-chicken

dinner served in a little ramshackle house, off the main-traveled road and as peaceful as the old-fashioned garden that enclosed it. On our way there we encountered a tall, intent artist in apricot oilskins, hurrying for cover before the rain came to soak his newly painted canvas.

We both wanted to take back reminders of old Cape Cod, for the edification of our respective wives, possibly the neighbors. So we stumbled into another artistic house—our coming announced by the jingle of a bell at the door—and there sampled the merchandise. George got a gorgeously tinted table cloth, which he thought was a pillow cover, and I purchased a Cape Cod lighter, modernized, and received instructions on how to use it by a young woman who thought bargaining husbands rather comical exhibits.

We studied the gray Monument marking the first landing of the Pilgrims, examined the marine views offered everywhere for sale, wished we might know a few Provincetown sea captains, and scurried for the *Daisy Longwood* just as the rain burst its barriers. Everyone rushed for the safe haven of indoors, but George and I dared the upper deck, and with turned-up collars and drooping hats let the swishing torrents do their worst. Anyhow, rain won't tarnish a Cape Cod lighter or ruin a table-cloth. After a while, however, we had to surrender, and seek the society of the other refugees in the crowded salon, there to hear fond mothers tell their little daughters that they must not eat any more pop-corn.

"I don't believe a soul on board knows we're college professors," I suggested confidentially to George, as we came within sight of Boston Harbor.

"We're as anonymous as cod-fish," he replied. "I promised those girls over there to take their pictures, but this rain spoiled the fun. Say, I feel as though I don't know nothin'!"

We completed our day's adventures by dropping into a self-serve restaurant where George ordered blueberry pie à la mode, and I munched on a hamburg sandwich. And there we talked about the *Daisy Longwood* and Provincetown, and there, too, nobody knew we were college professors.

But of course when we exhibit our Cape Cod trophies some day to our respected wives we shall again be put into our proper classification.



"I think I'll take a picture of the harbor before we get into the channel."



Rotarians of Vichy, France, give hydrotherapy treatments free of charge to many needy children of Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and from all districts in their own country.

Etienne Fougère,
governor of the
forty-ninth district
(France).



The Original Melting-Pot

France—Land of Contradictions

By
HOWARD
VINCENT
O'BRIEN

OME countries are like some people: they fail to register any sense of personality. They are merely geographical terms, in which dwell human beings with some peculiarities of their own, but in the main, like any other human beings. One may like or dislike them, according to the mood of the moment, but one has no particular difficulty in understanding them.

France, however, has a distinct personality, one so complex and paradoxical that foreigners are often bewildered by it. Even quite intelligent people believe that the classic definition of the French as "a people fond of dancing and light wines" is complete and accurate. Even so astute a man as Gouverneur Morris summarized, in 1789, his whole experience with: "Good God,

what a people!" And even so late as 1914 the world was astonished that so volatile and light-hearted a nation could make war with such grim vigor and efficiency—forgetting that our military vocabulary is nearly all of French origin.

It is hard to understand the French, but it is important that we do, since, as Benjamin Franklin said, every man has two countries—his own and France. The fact is that France is more than a colored area on a map, or a political entity. It has given us a great part of our art, science, and philosophy; and from the clothes our wives wear to the political issues over which we quarrel, we are every day dealing with things which bear the label "Made in France."

Paris is the intellectual capital of the world. And when we try to understand

Paris we encounter our first paradox. One is constantly hearing the remark that Paris is *not* France, and like so many generalizations, that statement is at once true and false.

I once attended a lecture at the Sorbonne where the professor asked the class—all foreigners—to specify the most striking thing they had seen in Paris. Various individuals mentioned things more or less trivial. When it came the turn of a young Chinese he hesitated, and finally confessed that his greatest surprise in Paris had been to find so few Frenchmen in it!

Everyone laughed, but he was perfectly right. The foreign population of Paris is enormous. There are close to a hundred thousand British permanently domiciled there, and probably more than half as many (*Cont'd on page 34*)

France

"Every man has two children, his own and France."

—BEN

In the park at Fontainebleau located the Military School



The Place de l'Opéra in the heart of the French capital



The studio of Rousseau at Barbizon near Fontainebleau



*Photos:
Publishers'
Photo Service*



ance—

*"A man has two countries—
his own and France."*

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

*"Le Jardin des Tuilleries looking toward the
Military School"*



*Palais du Louvre
in Paris begun in
1527 by Francis I*



*The Pont Valentré at Cahors built in the
14th Century*

*The Trocadéro, seen
through the arches
of Eiffel Tower*



*Gargoyle on
Notre Dame
Cathedral*

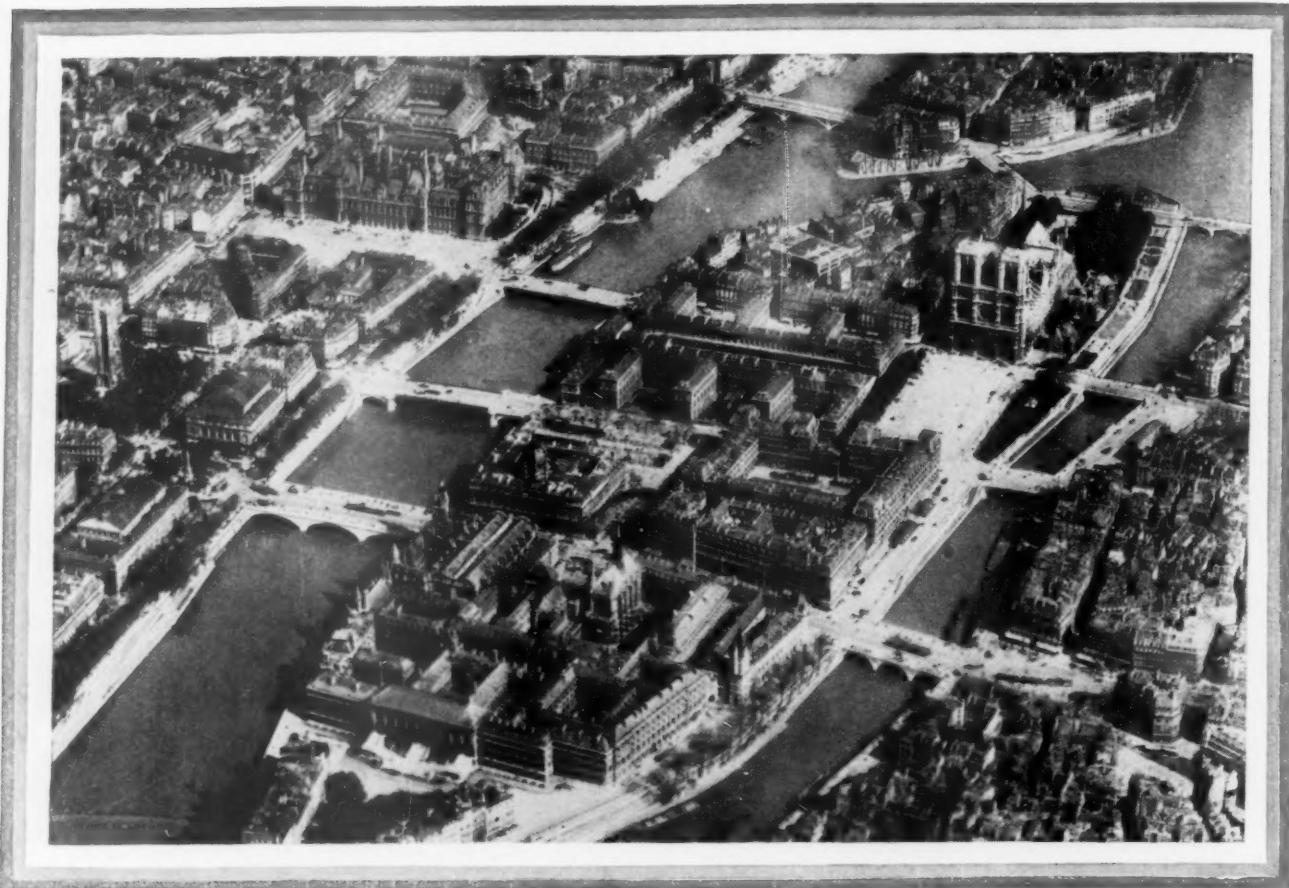


Photo: Publishers' Photo Service

A birds-eye view of the Île de la Cité (in foreground) showing Notre Dame Cathedral and the Conciergerie. The Île St. Louis is in the background.

Americans. There is a vast number of Russians and even more Italians. There is, in fact, probably no nationality without a sizable colony on the banks of the Seine.

But if it is true that present-day Paris is a polyglot capital, it was even truer in the Paris of the Middle Ages. Paris has always been the focal point of pleasure and study, and that occupation which at all times has had so many adepts—revolution. The political pot of the entire world boils under the complaisant eyes of French gendarmes, who care not at all what one thinks or says, provided public order is reasonably maintained.

Significant is the motto of Paris—“la ville lumière.” It can be translated as “the city of light,” and many people suppose that it means literally what it says. But it really comes from the fact that when printing was invented, those who first practised that explosive art were persecuted in their several countries, and fled to Paris, where, receiving welcome and encouragement, they called their adopted home “the city of enlightenment.”

In the profoundest sense, Paris is a city without nationality, and those who say it is not French are right. One with only a scanty knowledge of the

French tongue need have no hesitancy in using what little he has, for the chances are even that the person addressed will know French no better than he does himself.

World's Greatest Melting-Pot

IN THE region of Paris which the tourist knows best—the area centering in the Avenue de l'Opéra, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, and the Place Concorde, the foreigners probably outnumber the French. The merchants, the hotel-keepers, the vendors of post-cards, the “guides,” the waiters in the cafés—few are French. Even if one cross the Seine, to the Left Bank, and go up the “Boul Mich” past the University and the Latin Quarter; or go across the gardens of the Luxembourg to the Beaux Arts and the spots like the Dome and the Rotonde where the young intellectuals foregather for the benefit of the sightseeing buses, he will hear many languages beside French. Or if he journey in the opposite direction, up to the hill of Montmartre to the Place Pigalle, where the night clubs flourish, he will still be in any land but France.

I had a significant experience in one of these places. One after another, the “hostesses” sat down beside me, to chat

for a moment, and then, under one pretext or another, to flit away. Finally one tarried long enough for me to make inquiry as to the cause of my unpopularity. It was due, she said, to two reasons. In the first place, I had a glass of beer instead of a bottle of champagne. In the second, I was taken for a Frenchman.

“What a compliment!” said I, never having been able before to pass as a Frenchman.

“Oh, not much of a compliment,” she said. “They don't know any better. You see, they're mostly German.”

There you have a fair sample of the night life of Paris, about which the world has shuddered so long. I, an American, was shunned by Germans because they thought me French, the girl who told me about it was English, and the proprietor of the place—one of the best known in Paris—was an Italian!

It is true that Paris is not France. But it is equally true that it is the very quintessence of France. Aside from its political dominance, it is the social and intellectual centre. Every good Frenchman goes there before he dies: though he takes great care not to die there.

The provincial Frenchman sniffs at

Paris, and when he gets the Parisian on his own grounds, he does his best to mulet him. Living on the Riviera, I learned that three prices obtained in the markets, one for the native, another for foreigners like me, and a third, almost as high, for the Parisian. None the less, the provincial Frenchman looks to Paris for leadership in everything as the people of no other country look to their capital.

Essential to any comprehension of France is a realization of the fact that it is the world's greatest melting-pot. Enjoying the most extraordinary combination of natural beauty and resource, it has, through the centuries, been the constant target for marauding neighbors.

The Normans bore down from the north, the Teutonic tribes pressed in from the east, the Romans boiled up from the southeast and the Iberians from the southwest. The Saracens harried the Mediterranean coast and even settled there. To this day, you will find that the Riviera is full of perfect Moors.

The typical Frenchman is usually represented as a mercurial absurdity in top hat, baggy trousers, and a black beard. But the typical Frenchman does not exist. It is significant that the Nordic idea has never found any credence in France, and that the most scientific attacks on the shibboleths of skull measurement have come from France. There are plenty of Nordics in France—blonde and blue-eyed giants, phlegmatic and dour. But there are also plenty of round-headed, black-haired Alpines. The Frenchman cannot be made to believe that there is such a thing as race.

He is indifferent to racial distinctions. He draws no color line. He is building a vast colonial empire in Africa on the thesis that a native of Senegal or Dahomey can be just as good a Frenchman as the white dweller in Brittany—who, incidentally, has as Irish a face as any to be found in Dublin, speaks a dialect which the Welsh Celt can understand, and will proudly assure you that he is not a Frenchman—he is Breton.

To the Frenchman, "France" is not a geographic entity: it is a state of mind. And so you will find that southern provinces, like the Alps Maritimes,

are more than half Italian. You will find natives of northern Africa denying that they are negroes and insisting that they are French. And you will not be surprised to find that one of the leading politicians of France bears the name of Hennessy.

This constant absorption of new elements has done two things to the Frenchman. It has made him tolerant of outlandish things, and it has made him revere privacy. You can do hand-springs, dressed in your pyjamas, down the boulevards of Paris without attracting the slightest attention. But you will have to wait long before your French friends invite you home to dinner.

The Frenchman Loves Wit

ONE of the most baffling things about the French is the inextricable combination of maturity with what seems the most ingenuous childishness. The "beau geste" is the arbiter of conduct. LaFayette could lead the Queen onto her balcony and kiss her hand, and a mob of ravening wolves was suddenly transformed into frenzied loyalists, shouting "Vive la reine!"

From ancient times, it has been the custom in the French parliament that the presiding officer terminates debate by putting on his hat. On one occasion,

when things were unduly turbulent, when, indeed, revolution threatened, the frightened official reached for his hat, and in the confusion got someone else's—which was several sizes too large for him. Abruptly, the wild bay of the mob became a burst of laughter—and the nation was saved! Foreigners, observing things like these, have attributed them to the natural instability of the French.

But there is another reason. Above all things, a Frenchman loves wit, and a neatly turned phrase is to him the highest of earthly achievements. An apt gesture—or a sufficiently ludicrous one—never fails to win his applause. Indeed, his greatest weakness is that he sometimes prefers wit to wisdom.

Conversation is the Frenchman's greatest amusement. France is the paradise of talkers, and the millions of cafés exist for no other purpose. A Frenchman enjoys nothing so much as a couple of hours with a glass of sweetened water and a group of congenial and argumentative friends.

He is the most articulate of men. With a language less rich and flexible than English, he expresses himself, even in the lower orders of society, with accuracy and grace. I shall never forget an incident at Dieppe, when I was travelling by motor to England. My car had just been swung aboard, when I felt a tug at my coat, and there stood the shabbiest of ragamuffins. "Has monsieur forgotten me?"

"And what," I inquired, "did you do?"

"I held half the rope which guided monsieur's car on the ship."

I found that there was still one franc in my pocket. "I shall give it to you," I said witheringly, "less for your services, which were small, but for your nerve, which is extreme."

He bowed from the hips. "And I," he said, "shall accept it, less for the money, which is trifling, than for monsieur's eloquence, which is magnificent."

I once discussed the tipping question with my concierge—that singular functionary who, because he occupies a curious extra-legal relation to the police, and because he bears the aura of antiquity, is the dreaded tyrant of the householder, able to lock him out, lose his mail and estrange his friends, if not properly treated.

(Cont'd on page 60)

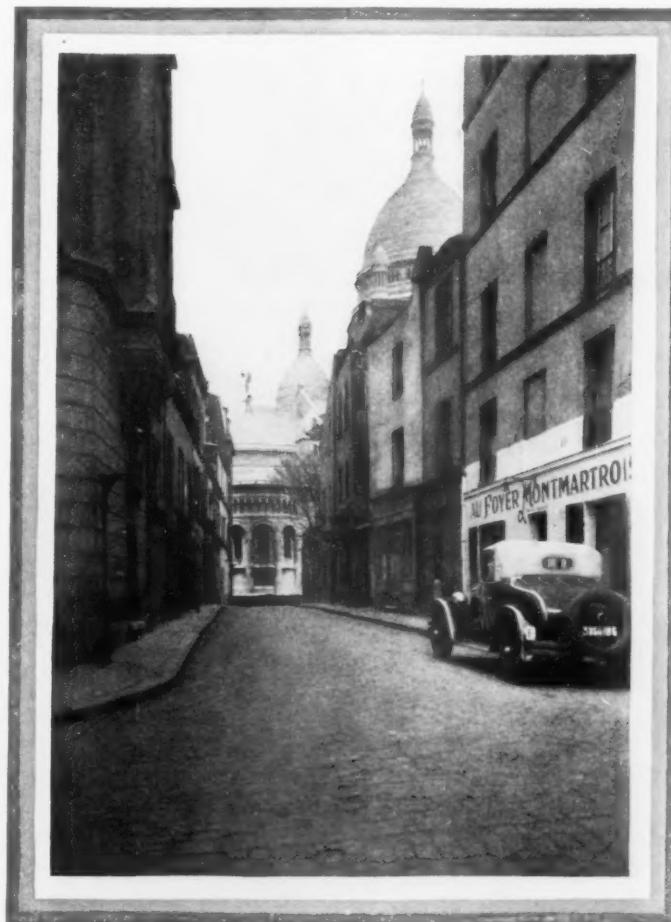


Photo: Publishers' Photo Service

A quaint street in the Montmartre district. At the end of the street may be seen the famous Basilica of Sacre Coeur (Sacred Heart).

Rotary's Hole-in-one Club

Fourteen new countries who have qualified for the world's most exclusive golf club!



Talbot T. Speer, Baltimore, Md., Baltimore C.C., 167 yards



Ben J. Nasits,
Tyler, Texas, Ty-
ler C.C., 180
yards



Henry Berry, Ballarat,
Australia, Alfredton, 150
yards



George W. John-
son, of Seattle,
Wash., Seattle
Club, 154 yards



Frank G. Burger, New
Brighton, N. Y., West
hampton, 225 yards



S. C. Taylor,
Medicine Hat,
Alberta, Mu-
nicipal, 141
yards



Henry Berry, Ballarat,
Australia, Alfredton, 150
yards



Rolf Nielsen, Manistee,
Mich.



John W.
Broderick,
Niagara
Falls, N. Y.,
Lookout
Point, 183
yards



W. A. Newton,
Montreal,
Quebec, St.
Andrews, 135
yards



A. C. Taylor, Medicine
Hat, Alberta, Municipal.
203 yards



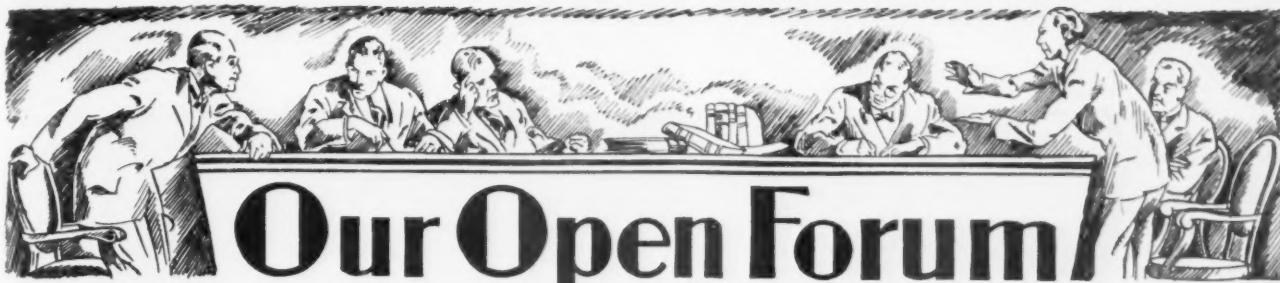
E. Y. Parker, Garnett,
Kansas, Garnett C.C.,
125 yards



A. A. Brentano, Evansville,
Ind., Clearcrest, 157 yards



Hugh McCleery, Washington,
Iowa, Washington C.C.



Our Open Forum

Profit and Honest Service

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

It was with considerable satisfaction that I read the article in the November ROTARIAN, "Service for Profit" by Charles W. Hill, Ph.D. A number of comments in recent issues on the motto, "He Profits Most Who Serves Best" by various Rotarians have given rise to the desire on my part to express the idea which Doctor Hill has so well set forth in his article. Had I had the ability to do so, I should have expressed my thoughts more caustically than the writer in the November ROTARIAN has done, although I concede that his article is the better without any touch of venom.

Hypocrisy is, however, deserving of caustic treatment sometimes and most of the objections to the motto have been hypocritical in fact if not in intent. We sometimes indulge in platitudes which for the time being we believe or think we believe, and therefore are not hypocritical in intent, but if our own conduct shows that we do not actually believe them, then we are actually hypocritical. As Doctor Hill has stated it, the Rotarian who bestows service in the business or profession which affords him his livelihood without regard to profit is likely to quit being a Rotarian through inability to pay his dues.

I am a lawyer myself, a member of a profession that has long operated under a code of ethics, and have at all times practiced my profession with due regard to that code of ethics. I should be bound by that code even though I were convinced that I should profit more by not being, in so far as finances were concerned. In my profession remuneration is received almost entirely from the sale of service, my service or services as an attorney. I am not in the least ashamed of the idea that I should receive financial profit in proportion to my service, and from my acquaintance with fellow-Rotarians here and elsewhere I am very much inclined to think that Rotarian hypocritical who says that there is anything wrong with our motto or that it should not be taken to mean that financial profit is included in the profit named in the motto. If not hypocritical he must be a visionary, for no Rotarian need be ashamed of the idea of financial profit for honest service, and with most of us it is also a necessity. It is true, I believe, that we profit in other ways than financially from serving well, and not the least of these is in the satisfaction of having done a task well. I object, however, and strenuously, to the idea of treating financial profit as something to be ashamed of. It is not only in the majority of cases hypocritical, but it is also a sort of snobishness, having the same sort of basis as the reputed stigma in the old country against engaging in trade, existing in certain social stratas, or putting it otherwise, it has the same basis as prejudice against working for a living. The man who has sufficient of this world's goods to start with may well take the attitude that there is something unholy about financial profit, as

These columns are open to readers of the magazine for discussions of questions affecting Rotary policy or procedure, of local or international import. A meeting of minds across the conference table has solved many problems, corrected many thoughtless practices. These columns are intended to fulfill the same function, and will be helpful to the extent that club officials and members enter into frank discussion. Contributions are welcomed, but should be as brief as possible.

the aristocrat bemeans working for a living. To the most of us financial profit is a very necessary thing, and coupling the idea of financial profit with good service, a very creditable ideal, if not perhaps the highest ideal. It is also a workable ideal. Too high ideals frequently defeat themselves by not being workable. Rotary's success today is due largely to the workability of her ideals, and her success tomorrow will depend largely on keeping them workable.

Norton, Kansas.
ROBERT W. HEMPHILL
Representative, 101st District.
House of Representatives.

"No Nobler Word"

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

"He Profits most who Serves Best."

These words hardly deserve the dignity of the term "Motto." Perhaps the term "Slogan" is more fitting and as a Slogan more suited to a business house than to Rotary.

The words suggest material profit—L. S. D. or Dollars.

Rotary has taken its place among the spiritual movements of the world and if we are to have a motto (not a slogan) let it be such that by no abuse or misuse of words or meaning can it be misconstrued.

The word "Service" conveys as much and as little as the individual cares to take from it. There is no nobler word in the English language. It requires no elaboration and is self-explanatory.

Secretary Perry has used many many words to explain the meaning of "He Profits Most Who Serves Best" and then is not entirely convincing.

Whangarei,
New Zealand.

HUGH C. RUSHWORTH

Honorary Secretary

P.S. THE ROTARIAN is much appreciated in our Club.

Rotary Education

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

Being particularly interested in the topic, I began Ralph Stringer's article on page 9, hoping to get some concrete answer to his question, especially when he appeals to pedagogy, another hobby of an old time teacher. But after three columns of most excellent rhetoric and some fine phrasing of well accepted platitudes I came to "the Solution of the Problem"—good, here we are. But he suggests only that the following significant problems may well (?) be discussed. "Is it ethical etc."—May I suggest that if such a discussion be actually staged two facts will result;—*First*, no one will be found to take the affirmative, but all will harp on the necessarily expected teachings of Rotary, and *second*, immediately each will go out to his business office and proceed to practice the opposite. Am I, in this assumption, harsh on human frailties? May be; but since an appeal has been made to pedagogy may I suggest to Ralph that another rule is known to all teachers, and is practiced by some, as also by doctors in many cases, that it is wise to keep before the pupil the right thing, without stressing it at all, but constantly for long periods on the assumption that it will soak in unconsciously, and that then the correct act will result as a habit of life. Is this not our case rather than the frequent hammering in "programs" or "studies" on direct rather than indirect educating.

I got more from the next article, viewing the same topic from quite a new angle—rather unique by the way—but the indirect method of interviewing one's self. It strikes me that his growth in Rotary is the usual one; but all are not introspective, or, possibly, not so honest with themselves.

I have just attended my 462nd consecutive meeting in my club, and I think I can see a change in the members of it, or, more likely a change in my attitude toward them because of the relations for nearly nine years—this, again, has been a gradual absorption. At first and often have I been indignant at the lack of active, effective acceptance by the club in a drive, campaign or propaganda for the community good, but I am sure the real work has been done by individuals if not by the club—another evidence of the indirect method. I am becoming quite convinced of the potency of a change of attitude that is quite unconscious on the part of the member.

I am not writing this for printing, indeed, I should be quite dismayed to see it, but to fix for myself the reactions I have by writing them down. And further I have often thought it might tickle the cockles of the editorial heart to know how some of his articles affect the reader. Throw this in the waste basket, and I am content to have penned it; I am only one of 150,000 anyway.

J. M. H.

Note—We appreciate letters of honest opinion, and in this instance omit the writer's name for obvious reasons.—Ed.



Illustration by W. H. Espreck

The House Speaks

By FRANCES WETMORE GROSS

HERE I wait serene,
You may remain or go,
Within I hold what I hold,
I stand secure in the snow.

Banked in drifts of white,
With a crackling vine on my wall,
My cedars are laden and bent—
Softly the snowflakes fall.

You may enter my door,
Stamp the snow from your feet,
Warm yourself by my fire,
Rest in my chimney seat.

I am the house serene,
You may remain or go,
Within I hold what I hold,
I stand secure in the snow.

You may drink to my health,
For I am the end of your quest,
I am the stars and the moon,
I am the song in your breast.

I am the faith that you need.
I am the spirit of truth,
I am the hope you have lost,
I am the dream of your youth.

I am the silence of snow,
I am the flame of desire,
I am the prelude to life,
I am its funeral pyre.

Rotary Club Activities

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes"—Midsummer Night's Dream

300 Orphans Attend Picnic

TOKYO, JAPAN—Every year Rotarians of Tokyo entertain children domiciled in an orphan asylum, and this year the orphans were taken to an amusement park where they could play to their heart's content. Viscount Shibusawa, ninety-one years of age, founder of the asylum, appreciative of the Rotarians interest, left his home to thank the Rotarians and watch the children enjoy themselves.

Advances Good Will by Many Activities

JUAREZ, MEXICO.—Rotarians in this city, which is just across the border from the United States, avail themselves of every opportunity to build international amity and understanding. Recently the consuls of seven countries, residing in El Paso, Texas and Juarez were entertained and the meeting was enlivened by the presence of many Rotarians from the 41st, 42nd and 43rd districts. The club also entertained en masse the entire membership of the Pilot club of El Paso,

who, in turn, had the Juarez club as their guests a little later. At another meeting the presidents of four service clubs in El Paso, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and Civitan were special guests and the governor of the 42nd district, Hunter Metcalf addressed the meeting. Rotarians of Juarez are planning to erect a Rotary wheel in a prominent place on the Mexican side of the international bridge to acquaint visiting Rotarians from the United States with the existence of their club, which is ever ready to extend a warm, hearty welcome to all visitors.

Boy Whom Club Aided Becomes Professor

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS—A negro boy helped by Boston Rotarians to secure his education at Massachusetts Institute of Technology is now a professor in a negro college in North Carolina. He has already returned a substantial amount of the money advanced him by the Rotary club, and plans to take up graduate work to be of still greater help to his race.

Launches Campaign to Stop Street Begging

SALTA, ARGENTINA—The Rotary club has appointed a committee of five members to work for the removal of beggars from the city's streets. A census is being taken to classify all mendicants and those actually unable to work will have some regular provision made in their behalf.

Community Night Nets \$7,500 Clear

SUDSBURY, ONT., CANADA—Sudsbury Rotarians received \$10,000 gross return from their first Community Night entertainment, which was held recently. The receipts netted \$7,500 after all expenses were paid. Of this amount \$4,000 has been allotted to crippled children's work; \$3,000 to the Victorian Order of Nurses and \$500 to boys' work.

Field Day at Inter-City Meet

WESTCHESTER, N. Y.—Capitalizing on the inclination of Rotarians to play when work is done, the local club held



Promoting international service and good-will the Rotary Club of Tappahannock-Warsaw, Va., telephoned its greetings across the ocean to the Rotary Club of London, England. With every member listening in on separate ear-phones, Rodney Coggin, chairman of the program committee talked with Fred Broad, vice-president of R.I.B.I., exchanging greetings and discussing briefly the recent steps Great Britain and the United States have taken to advance international peace. Prior to the trans-Atlantic talk the club listened on the same equipment to a long-distance talk made from Waverly, New York, by M. Eugene Newsom, president of Rotary International.

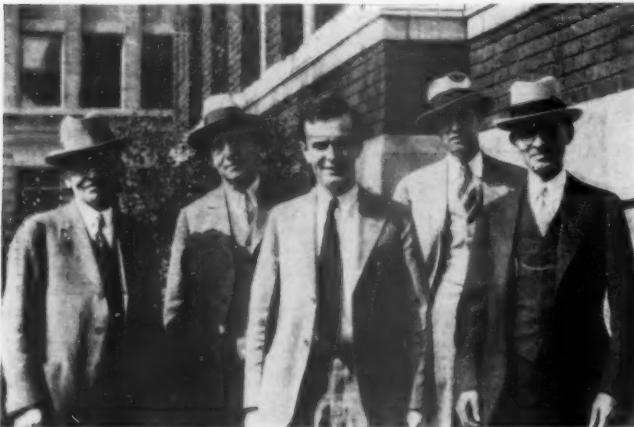


The fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the Edison incandescent lamp, celebrated as "Light's Golden Jubilee," possessed an especial significance for the citizens of Port Huron, Michigan. It was in this community that Thomas A. Edison spent nine years of his boyhood. The local Rotary Club, sponsoring the celebration in this city, erected in a city park near the site of Edison's old home, a forty-ton granite boulder, bearing a bronze tablet commemorating Edison's boyhood days in the city. The monument was dedicated with appropriate exercises attended by visitors from many cities in the United States and Canada.

A Field Day with many events during a recent inter-city meeting. The events were all successfully run-off, providing entertainment for both spectators and participants. The races, of which there were all varieties, including egg, fat man's, free for all, etc., uncovered some unexpected talent. Horse-shoe pitching, tennis, tug-of-war and golf were among the other sports scheduled on the program.

*College Student Member
of Rotary Club*

FORT WORTH, TEXAS—The classification of "Student Representation" was recently opened by the local Rotary club, and the president of the student body of Texas Christian University, living in one of the dormitories at the school, was elected to fill the vacancy.



Rotary Club monopolizes family.—Five members of the "Weber family" belong to the Rotary Club of Keokuk, Iowa. From left to right: Carl A. Weber, Frank J. Weber, Francis J. Weber, Alois J. Weber, and Arthur J. Weber. Arthur is the son of Carl Weber, and Francis and Alois are the sons of Frank who is Carl's cousin, a neat problem in "relativity."

*Stunt Helps
Collect Club Dues*

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA—Notices of time of payment of club dues published in German, Latin, Spanish, and French proved over twenty-nine per cent of the members of the local Rotary club could read foreign languages. Members showed much interest in the plan, and contributed many suggestions often of a humorous nature for carrying the translation of the notice in several other languages.

*Surprising Outcome of
Boys' Work Undertaking*

DEPTFORD, ENGLAND—When members of the local club learned of a young chap who was anxious to make his way to Australia, they recognized a practical opportunity to be of some help, and began making plans to contribute to his passage.

All the club's plans went along beautifully until one day, in the midst of their luncheon, an irate mother burst in upon them and openly accused the club, it is said "of trying to kidnap her offspring and send him to some foreign country." The bubble had burst, as one member remarked, amidst

"such a beautiful flow of language as has never been heard at any other Rotary luncheon." It is presumed members of the club learned from the incident why their erstwhile protégé desired to travel as far away as Australia.

*Boys and Girls
Enjoy "Stiller Day"*

OROVILLE, CALIF.—The school vacation period is begun in this community with a celebration inaugurated sixteen years ago by Rotarian Stiller. Children of all races, creeds, and ages assemble at the fair grounds for a parade, movie-show, and ice-cream festival. Two thousand school "kids" from every school in the county were estimated to be in attendance at the latest outing, many of them of the second generation of "Stiller Day" celebrants.

*Presents Flag
to Toronto Club*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—One hundred and thirty Rotarians of Rochester crossed Lake Ontario on an overnight's voyage to visit the Toronto club and present the club with a flag of the United States. They were met at the pier by a large delegation of Torontonians, installed in their hotel rooms and taken sightseeing and out to the golf links. In the evening more than seven hundred Rotarians assembled for an enjoyable dinner and program produced by the Rochester Rotarians. In a most appropriate ceremony the flag was graciously presented, and as graciously accepted by the Toronto club. Rotarians of Toronto accepted an invitation to visit the Rochester club next fall.

(Additional notes on page 53)

Para Nuestros Lectores de Habla Española

(For Our Spanish-Speaking Readers)

Anecdota de Navidad

Por el Rotario León Sanchez

Del Rotary Club de la ciudad de México

Ilustrado por Julien Binford

No es subscbiendo sumas para obras benéficas o tomando billetes de rifas como los Rotarios podemos cumplir la misión que representa la palabra "SERVICIO."

El potentado o el petulante que aspira a que su nombre figure entre los de aquellos, subscriven y pagan sus pesos por egoísmo o presunción. El rico para evitarse molestias; el pobre y pretencioso para elevarse a un nivel que le está vedado.

Ninguno sirve —ninguno es Rotario. En cambio voy a decirles como practicaba la doctrina del Rotary antes de su fundación en Chicago un ilustre general español al que me honré imprimiéndole un folleto titulado:

"Dar Limosna es un Delito."

Ha llovido mucho desde entonces. Nos iniciábamos en el periodismo, como reporter, y entre los centros que visitábamos cada día estaba el Hospital Militar de Granada, donde un 25 de diciembre hallamos al llegar a la Secretaría, los restos de una cena o algo semejante; Cajas de mazapan vacías, envases de vinos generoso, platos con restos de carnes, pescados, castañas y patatas, manjares típicos de la Noche Buena, que acababa de pasar, pero impropios de un Hospital, aunque no todos sus enfermos tuvieran que privarse de ellos.

A mi extrañesa mientras los sirvientes retiraban aquellos restos de banquete, el viejo administrador nos dijo poco más o menos:

No crea que hemos celebrado cena especial de Noche Buena, aunque nuestros enfermos si la han tenido y como nunca la hubieran soñado.



"... y así no habían pasado la Noche Buena olvidados en un hospital."

Crecía nuestra curiosidad.

Aunque Uds. los jóvenes no lo crean, agregó, todavía hay hadas o ángeles en la tierra. Anoche nos ha visitado una, acompañada de dos ayudantes del capitán general; y todavía emocionado, como yo me emociono, cuando lo recuerdo, nos refirió que la noche anterior se le había presentado la esposa del capitán general, con dos de sus hijos, ayudantes del mismo, uno de ellos médico militar, acompañados de varios ordenanzas que conducían en un carro cajas y cestas con la cena, cuyos restos veíamos todavía.

Aquella santa mujer y sus hijos, sin uniforme, sino vestidos con suma modestia, se pasaron casi toda la noche acompañando, a los pobres soldados enfermos, tan pronto en el comedor, donde se les sirvió la típica cena de Noche Buena a los que podían abandonar el lecho, tan pronto de cama en cama repartiendo a los soldados lo que podían comer o beber, prendas de ropa, tabaco, interesándose por su dolencia, por el tiempo que les quedaba de servicio en el ejército, por la familia de cada cual, sus novias y sus proyectos

para cuando sanara o cumpliera.

Aquella hada o aquel angel, como me había dicho el viejo militar, escribió esa noche sobre las mismas camas de los enfermos, infinidad de cartas para los familiares y novias de los soldados, que estaban muy lejos de suponer que aquella señora tan modesta y humilde, era nada menos que la esposa de la primera autoridad militar de la región; la que los obsequiaba con unos minutos de plática recordando a unos su ma-

dre, a otros su esposa a algunos su novia, para las que todos recibieron algún obsequio que enviarles, con la grata nueva de que la Noche Buena no la habían pasado olvidados en un hospital.

¿Cabe mayor servicio?

Mi torpeza reporteril rompió el misterio de que aquella santa mujer, su esposo y sus hijos habían rodeado su servicio, publicando una vulgar información sobre aquel hecho extraordinario, lo que me costó una reprimenda amistosa del propio general, en presencia de su esposa y sus hijos, con cuya amistad me honré desde entonces, conociendo sus teorías sobre la caridad, expuestas en el folleto que me honré en imprimirle con el título de "Dar limosna es un delito," es decir humillar al que la recibe, porque el principio que sostiene aquella familia y yo acepté y sostengo, es que en cuestiones de servicio, de caridad y de limosnas el que lo presta, el que la hace o el que la dá, es el que se honra y tiene que agradecer a los que las reciben, la oportunidad que les ha brindado para darse la satisfacción de SERVIR.

Actividades en los distritos

Interesante Reunión del Rotary Club de Mendoza

Hace poco el Rotary Club de Mendoza, Argentina, efectuó una muy interesante reunión, en la cual fué invitado de honor el consocio del Rotary Club de Buenos Aires, Ingeniero Don Alejandro Bunge, que fué llamado especialmente por la Comisión de Industriales que estudia los medios de resolver la actual crisis vitivinícola para recabar su muy valiosa opinión sobre el particular. En términos muy conceptuosos el Presidente del Club, Dr. Don Alberto A. Day, hizo la presentación del Ingeniero Bunge, que desarrolló una interesante conferencia acerca de sus primeras impresiones recogidas en Mendoza sobre la crisis que afecta a dicha provincia.

El Rotary Club de Santa Fé y el Aceite Para Fabricar Barnices

En una reunión del mes de mayo pasado a moción del presidente, ingeniero Ariotti, el Rotary Club de Santa Fé, Argentina, resolvió solicitar del Rotary Club de Shanghai, China, el envío a Santa Fé de plantas, semillas e indicaciones útiles para la industria del aceite que se emplea en los barnices. Una vez que lleguen a Santa Fé los elementos pedidos, serán entregados a la Oficina Agronómica de la provincia, a fin de que ésta realice experimentos.

Se supone con fundamento que es posible obtener en los terrenos de la costa el cultivo de la planta productora de dicho aceite, que hoy se explota en la China únicamente. A la Oficina Agronómica se le facilitará también un terreno para cultivos.

Simpática Celebración

El Rotary Club de Buenos Aires, Argentina, tuvo a bien invitar a una de sus reuniones a los Embajadores de Estados Unidos, Chile y El Perú, con el objeto de celebrar así el arreglo de la diferencia internacional entre estos dos últimos países, cosa que no puede pasar desapercibida para los Rotarios que persiguen el ideal de conseguir que la paz del mundo sea obtenida por medio de la fácil amistad y mayor conocimiento posible entre todos los países.

Manzanillo Proyecta Celebrar una Sesión Inter-Clubs

El Rotary Club de Manzanillo, Cuba, durante el mes de agosto pasado laboró por medio del Comité de Asuntos Públicos para evitar los estados de gestación en las mujeres dementes; logró la apertura del tramo de carretera comprendido entre el Parque Bertot y la Estación Quiroga; inició gestiones ante el Secretario de Comunicaciones para

lograr una extensión de la vía telegráfica hasta el barrio azucarero El Pilón y por último acordó celebrar una Sesión Inter-Clubs con Holguín a la que asistirán invitados los clubs de Santiago de Cuba, Guantánamo y Camaguey.

Además, ocho socios del Rotary Club de Manzanillo obtuvieron una asistencia de 100% durante el mes de agosto, todo lo cual es digno de alabanza.

Comida Internacional

En Junio pasado el Club Rotario de Lima, Perú, celebró una comida internacional, en homenaje a los países que tienen representación en dicha ciudad y para conmemorar el compañerismo y amistad internacionales. La reunión alcanzó un grandioso éxito habiendo asistido como invitados de honor los siguientes miembros del Cuerpo Diplomático: el Sr. Alexander P. Moore, Embajador de los Estados Unidos de América; el Sr. Fabio Lozano, Ministro de Colombia; el Sr. Jaime de Ojeda, Ministro de España; el Sr. Albert Boudet, Ministro de Francia; el Sr. Charles Bentinck, Ministro de la Gran Bretaña; el Sr. Giovanni Battista Beverini, Ministro de Italia y el Sr. Severino Marcionello, Consul General de Suiza.

Excusó su asistencia por motivos de salud el Sr. Heinrich Rohland, Ministro de Alemania, habiendo escrito al club una carta la cual fué leída durante la reunión.

El Rotary Club de Lima propende de esta manera el movimiento que desde hace años se viene practicando por la Institución Internacional Rotaria para el mejor conocimiento entre los pueblos y una sincera amistad entre sus hombres de negocios y profesionales que forman los rotary clubs, todo lo cual constituye el sexto objetivo de Rotary.

Pachuca Celebra la Independencia de Los Estados Unidos del Norte

Durante la sesión del Rotary Club de Pachuca, México, celebrada el 3 de Julio pasado, el Gobernador del Tercer Distrito, Lic. Carlos Sanchez Mejorada, pronunció un muy elocuente discurso para celebrar la independencia de los Estados Unidos del Norte. Por falta de espacio no podemos publicar en su entero las palabras de Don Carlos, limitándonos en reproducir aquí la siguiente observación:

"Los mismos medios aplicados al mejoramiento y al servicio interior de una comunidad o de un país se aplican al mejoramiento y servicio internacionales; el trato, el conocimiento, la formación de ligas y contactos personales entre rotarios y no rotarios de diversos países para borrar los prejuicios y

disipar los errores, que son fruto de la ignorancia. Todos los pueblos de la tierra se consideran superiores a los demás; todos creen poseer la más brillante historia, los más egregios héroes, las más capitales virtudes; más el que trata a hombres de otras razas y de otros países, suficientemente para conocerlos llega a convencirse de que las pretendidas diferencias de pueblo a pueblo son prejuicios y ficciones lamentables y hasta trágicas; que al fin y al cabo todos los hombres, donde quiera que nacieron y quien quiera que hayan sido sus progenitores, son iguales fundamentalmente; que todos somos de carne y hueso, mezcla de virtudes y de vicios, todos somos hijos de Dios y herederos de su gloria; y que las diferencias que hay entre unos y otros no son diferencias de pueblo a pueblo ni de raza a raza, sino individuales, de cada individuo particular a cada individuo particular; que la virtud no es patrimonio exclusivo de un pueblo, ni el vicio de otro; y que, en suma, no hay ninguna razón profunda, verdadera, seria, para que los hombres se odien porque unos nacieron de este lado y otros de aquel lado de un río, de un mar, de una montaña, muchas veces tal vez de una linea imaginaria.

"Estas verdades tan sencillas, pero tan ignoradas, las propaga y extiende Rotary; y yo creo que no peca de iluso quien suponga que la aplicación continuada y sistemática del sistema rotario de confraternidad, compañerismo, comprensión y tolerancia, no traiga desde luego un mejoramiento de las relaciones internacionales."

Ciudad Juarez Celebra Una Interesante Reunión

Durante una reunión del mes de Septiembre pasado el Rotary Club de Ciudad Juarez, México, tuvo como invitados de honor a cuatro Presidentes de los siguientes Clubs cívicos de la ciudad de El Paso, Texas,—Rotary—Kiwanis—Lions—Civitan. Los temas desarrollados durante la reunión fueron los siguientes: "Los Clubs Cívicos como un factor para desarrollar el mejoramiento de las relaciones internacionales" y "Qué clase de servicio internacional entre México y los Estados Unidos puede ser fomentado por el Rotary Club de Ciudad Juarez y los otros clubs cívicos que existen a lo largo de la frontera?

La presencia y discursos pronunciados en esta reunión por el Dr. W. A. Osborne de Melbourne, Australia, y ex-Gobernador del Distrito 65, y por el Rotario Hunter Metcalfe de Marfa, Texas, Gobernador del Distrito 42 de Rotary International, hizo más evidente al internacionalismo de Rotary.

VOCATIONAL SERVICE

INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

COMMUNITY SERVICE

Practical Problems of Rotary Service

CLUB SERVICE

International Service

THE Rotary club of Atlantic City may be justly proud of its Fellowship Bowl of flags of countries in which Rotary is established. It has been as nearly completed as the steady growth of Rotary and the distances between Rotary clubs permit.

The Atlantic City club sent a message of greeting—together with a flag of the United States—to the original club in each of the first forty-eight Rotary countries, having received in exchange up to the present time, messages of greeting from about thirty-six of them.

While the messages were read to the club, a flag of the country was placed in the International Fellowship Bowl, which graces the speaker's table at each club meeting. With but a very few exceptions, the reading of the Atlantic City message to some club in another country, and the reading of this club's message to the Atlantic City club was so arranged as to take place during the same week.

The Fellowship Bowl is a splendid means of exemplifying the world-wide scope of Rotary; the messages themselves are of extreme interest, expressing as they do the sentiments of Rotary clubs all over the world.

While the Swiss flag was added to the Bowl, the message of the Rotary club of Zurich was read, containing the following paragraph:

"Also during the most terrible of all wars, a war through which we ourselves passed, this flag was the sign of highest neutrality, the symbol of the Swiss determination to fight the battle of life without shedding the blood of our fellow creatures, but through striving for the ideal of universal fraternity, the same ideal which Rotary International seeks to realize."

Rotarians from Dublin, Ireland, wrote:

"We feel it a great honour that the Dublin club was the first to be established in Europe, and having been able to pass on to others the torch first lighted by Paul Harris, our beloved father of Rotary."

Shanghai Rotarians said in their message:

"The club is perhaps unique in its international aspect as we have today eight nationalities represented. Our board of directors too is composed of British, American, Chinese, French and Japanese, and is distinguished by the harmonious spirit that reigns amongst the club members generally. We have actually at the moment 30 Ameri-

cans, 13 British, 23 Chinese, 3 French, 3 Japanese, 1 Swiss, 1 Czechoslovakian and 1 German."

Referring to the activities of Rotary in South America, the Montevideo, Uruguay, club asked:

"What do we all do? Just what Rotarians do the world over! Meet regularly and get acquainted. Get behind movements where influence is needed to often produce legislation, and material social improvement. Establish that close contact which scratches out frontiers.

"What are we doing? Just having one hundred centres down on this continent, meeting regularly, with the best of elements in all cities, where the relations of the Americas North and South are those of friendship. Dissipating the supposed suspicion of the South for the North; and we believe doing similar service for the North as regards their ignorance of the South."

The generality of Rotary ideals is shown in the following quotation from the message of Prague, Czechoslovakia:

"The Rotary movement is not merely ideas which have been founded in Chicago in 1905. That would not mean much. Rotary is rather an expression of the eternal truth of the human soul. And this truth appears everywhere where people join to develop and achieve the great work of the human spirit. So when looking back on the past times, we can say that the Rotary ideas of "Service above self" or with other words, "He profits most who serves best," have appeared since the oldest times everywhere where two nations came into close contact and have shaken hands instead of starting a war for their life."

Fair dealing was stressed in the letter of greeting sent by the first Rotary club, the Rotary Club of Chicago:

"May this honored flag of our country, in its colorful setting, ever remind us that the American as well as the Rotarian plays the game fairly whatever the cost—

For when the One Great Scorer Comes
To check against our name;
He writes not that we lost or won,
BUT HOW WE PLAYED THE GAME."

English Rotarians' Week in Germany

A party of seven members (including the President) of the Rotary club of Liverpool recently spent a week in Germany, and had an opportunity of meeting their fellow-Rotarians in three German cities.

The party sailed in the steamer "Montrose" from Liverpool on Thursday, 22nd August, 1929 and found on board representatives of the Douglas, Manchester, Nottingham and Southport clubs.

On arrival at Hamburg on Sunday

evening the English Rotarians proceeded direct to Leipzig, spent some time at the Leipzig Fair, and attended the weekly meeting of the Rotary club of Leipzig on the following Tuesday.

On arrival at Berlin on the evening of Wednesday, 28th August, a dinner was held jointly with seven members of the Berlin club, who afterwards took charge of the party until the small hours. Thursday's programme included a visit to Potsdam, and on Friday the return journey to Hamburg was made, the Liverpool Rotarians entertaining two members of the Hamburg club at dinner that evening; on Saturday the party left for home.

In the course of a very interesting trip—Germany being a new hunting-ground for most of the party—the Liverpool Rotarians were enabled to witness the steady growth of the Rotary movement. The close contact of English Rotarians with the people of Germany which was so successfully started last year by the round trip of a group of Rotarians from Yorkshire, is a fine contribution towards the Sixth Object of Rotary.

The President of R.I.B.I. Addresses the First Rotary Club

"The main difference between Rotarians in North America and European Rotarians is the difference in expression given to the outward and visible friendship which Rotary generates," said Sir Charles Mander, President of R.I.B.I. in his address to the Chicago Rotary Club.

"It is quite natural that the expression of Rotary in various countries should reflect the national characteristics of these countries and, therefore, there is no reason to feel alarm if the outlook, temperament and mentality of Rotary should appear to be different in different countries.

"In Belgium for example, a most excellent vocational work is being carried on. The clubs prepare a schedule listing the trials and difficulties a member experiences in carrying on his vocation. This enables a man's fellow associates to assist him in the solution of his problems."

Vocational Service

Program Building

IT has often been said by eminent Rotarians that vocational service or service through the medium of vocation is the first principle upon which Rotary exists. Further, that Rotary's future as a permanent institution depends upon its contribution to that phase of activity. With this in mind let us review the activity of Rotary clubs in promoting this all important phase of Rotary. Is it not a fact that clubs have neglected this work, the very heart of the Rotary movement, in favor of other fields already occupied by other organizations which quite frequently are better equipped to do the job? What then, has been the cause of this reaction to vocational service, and what can be done to make vocational service attractive?

Rotarians who have studied these problems have offered varying opinions. Some believe that the average Rotary club member is satisfied with his own conduct in business and, therefore, does not feel the need for such an activity in Rotary. Some believe that club members actually resent the subject because it deals with the way in which they conduct their businesses which to them is a private matter. A large group believes very firmly that the field of vocational service has never been thoroughly explored and that there are many avenues of this subject little known at this time which will appeal to the average Rotarian.

Efforts have been made by program building bodies to discover new ways of approaching the subject to inspire Rotarians to activity. These efforts have been many and varied and have resulted in bringing vocational service to the position it now occupies. The methods thus far employed have been greatly handicapped by the fact that vocational service committees are short-lived and are not in existence long enough to become fully acquainted with much detailed knowledge of the technical phases of the subject. As a result, the theoretical side of the subject has enjoyed careful attention, but the practical side, the

one in which the appeal to the business man must be found, has been neglected. The time has now come when the need is felt for elevating vocational service to the position in Rotary that it deserves and which must be reached if the movement is to continue to grow as it has in the past.

One of the first steps in this movement has been inaugurated by the Vocational Service committee of Rotary International. This committee is of the opinion that the vocational service program should retain all of the fundamentals of vocational service, and at the same time be made as practical as possible bringing out the point that the goal of all business is profit and that the application of the ideal of service in business will result in success expressed in monetary terms.

In order to create such a practical atmosphere to the vocational service activity the Vocational Service committee has begun the collection of actual instances of the fact that vocational service is practical and that it is profitable for business men to apply the ideal of service in their businesses.

All Rotary clubs are urged to study this matter of vocational service program building as it relates to their clubs. Any ideas that are developed on the subject will be of interest to the Vocational Service committee of Rotary International.

The assistance of all Rotary clubs is also enlisted in the effort to prove that the application of the ideal of service is good business and produces real profits. Those who may wish samples of such instances may secure them by writing to the office of Rotary International, 211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. The secretary of Rotary International will welcome any specific instances of this nature which club vocational service committees and individual members may send him.

Vocational Talks

Every member of a Rotary club represents a certain vocation or classification. Each of these vocations has its pecu-

liarities, which are of interest to those from other lines of business. Likewise every Rotarian can profit from the experience of other men in handling similar business problems. In order that such interesting information may be made available to Rotarians, the vocational talk is recommended.

A vocational talk consists of a description of a man's daily job, a description of his plant, product and service. These matters are well known to every man in business and little difficulty should be experienced in relating to others interesting facts concerning them. In fact, a program consisting of one or a number of vocational talks is the easiest and most interesting to present. For the use of those who may not know what facts concerning their business would be of interest to others, the following list of questions has been prepared.

What is the name of your company?

Where located? How long? Give brief history. What is your product or products? If manufacturing, give description of process. Principle sources of raw materials. Markets. Methods of marketing. Investment in business. Average number of employees, total payroll.

How are employees selected?

Do you use apprentice system?

Training given employees, if any?

What is your method of eliminating unsuitable employees?

Do you operate a works council? If so, with what results?

Do you find that direct conferences of employer and employees produce better results?

System of wage payment—explain.

What is your experience, if any, with profit sharing plans?

What is your experience, if any, with thrift schemes, group life insurance, superannuation plans, welfare schemes generally?

Have you any direct relations with your general employees?

Do you attend social functions organized by your employees?

Is there much unemployment in your industry? What are your methods of tiding over slack periods?

Has your trade an association? If so, are you a member? What benefits do you derive from it? Has your trade association adopted a code of standards of correct practices?

What difficulties do you encounter in your buying and selling relations? Do you experience any unfair practices? If so, what are your suggestions for their elimination?

Do you have much contact with your competitors? If so, what is the nature? Do you exchange credit information with competitors? What are the things that your customers do that make it difficult for you to render good service?

Club Service

Birthdays of Members

THE Rotary club of Camden, New Jersey, reports that at a recent meeting ten of the members who had had birthday anniversaries during the past two weeks were called upon to give brief sketches of their busy lives. This plan promoted friendship and fellowship within the club. And it brought about a closer relationship and a more intimate feeling of understanding.

In a number of club bulletins we have noticed photographs of members with a short biographical sketch. One or two such sketches in each issue of the club bulletin are interesting and a short, five minute talk by the member in question at the succeeding meeting will assist in providing an interesting program.

A Speechless Luncheon

Rotarians, as representative business and professional men of the community,

enjoy a solid address on a worth while subject. Occasionally, however, it will prove interesting to have a "Speechless Luncheon." The program for such a meeting can be composed of singing, a number of short addresses on topics of the day, some entertainment features and perhaps a Rotary quiz.

The plan followed in one club is that the secretary sends a copy of a certain Rotary pamphlet to each member of the

club with the usual copy of the club publication. The member is asked to read this pamphlet and to prepare himself to answer a number of questions regarding the Rotary subjects covered in the pamphlet. The chairman of the meeting prepares a series of questions, usually two for each member if the membership is not too large. As a rule, the members seriously endeavor to absorb sufficient information from the Rotary literature sent them so that they may be able to answer the questions which the chairman propounds.

Another plan is for the club editor to include six or eight questions in each issue of the club bulletin with the suggestion that these questions will be answered at the succeeding meeting.

The pamphlet, "Questions and Answers Regarding Rotary", can be secured from the office of the Secretary of Rotary International, and is particularly helpful in preparing a series of questions.

Long Features and "Stunts"

Programs made up entirely of long numbers should be avoided. If a feature is scheduled which will take considerable time a short, lively, entertainment feature or "stunt" should be used before and after the long feature. "Stunts" that will cause outsiders to form an erroneous impression of the dignity and value of Rotary, as an organization of business men, are to be avoided. Just as much genuine, wholesome fun may be derived from program features which do not give such an impression.

When a lengthy address is scheduled the necessity for adhering strictly to the program schedule is so much greater. A speaker is not at his best when he feels that the time originally allotted to him has been encroached upon and that the address he is planning to deliver must be shortened in order to keep the meeting within the scheduled time.

The Club History

The history of the organization and activities of each Rotary club is an extremely interesting account. Too often the club has no definite account of its organization and early activities, no list of its charter members. In the majority of Rotary clubs today sufficient charter members are present so that a verbal account of the organization and past activities can be given. However, the time is drawing close when some of the older clubs may find themselves with very few or no charter members and there is danger of losing the details of the early years of the club. The historical records and the club library should include all important information.

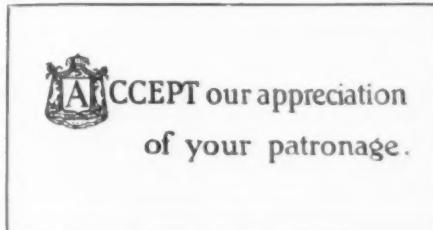
The history of organization, and the charter membership list has already been mentioned. A scrap book of news-



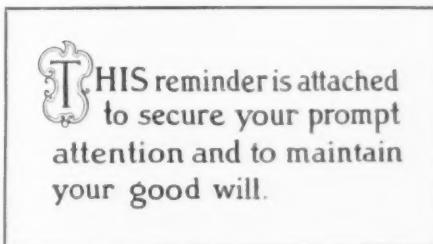
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paper clippings, personal items from the club bulletins and photographs of members and of club activities should also become a valuable possession of the club in later years.

Arthur Reber, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Berne, Switzerland, in a recent bulletin requests his fellow members to lend him films of photographs which had been taken at a recent outing. He is reproducing these photographs for the club album, which in years to come will provide many interesting hours for the members.

The history of the Rotary club of Atlantic City, New Jersey, is being regularly printed in installments in the weekly bulletin. A sketch of the past officers of the club and the activities of the club during past years are chronicled.

The bulletin of the Rotary Club of Chico, California, under the caption, "A Little History", gives a list of the charter members of the club who are still active members, and a list of the past presidents of the club.

The "Buddy" System

The Rotary club of Seneca Falls, New York, recently adopted a scheme for stimulating attendance known as the "Buddy" System, which is being used successfully by several of the clubs in the 28th District. The members of the club are paired off and each is responsible for the attendance of the other. If one member of a team is unable to attend a meeting, he must get in touch with his "buddy", giving him the reason and where the attendance will be made up. In case this information is not presented at the meeting, both buddies are penalized.

When the Attendance is Good

In Rotary we accomplish our ends chiefly through the individual Rotarian and not by group action.

The same principle holds with the club itself. Unless each individual member recognizes this principle as it applies to his club membership and his duty to attend all meetings, both he and the club lose.

Fellowship in the club cannot be had without attendance. The club members who are conscientious in attendance are the ones who are responsible for the advancement of their club.

Also they are usually the ones active in service to the community. A Rotarian must represent his craft or vocation in his club and must represent Rotary in his vocation. This is fundamental in Rotary. He cannot be a worthy representative of either cause through loose attendance habits.

Membership in Rotary

"The Price of Membership—is Attendance

"The Basis of Membership—is Classification

"The Joy of Membership—Fellowship

"The Obligation of Membership—is Service

"The Privilege of Membership—is Yours—Use it well."

"The Weekly Spoke," Norwalk, Connecticut

Community Service

El Paso, Texas

THREE and one half years ago, three members of the Kiwanis, Lions and the Rotary club of El Paso, Texas, formed a "Crippled Childrens' Club", primarily to make a survey of the crippled children situation in the community.

One of the first tasks confronting this special club of nine members was the problem of getting the crippled children to school. The school authorities were anxious to have the children in school and to cooperate in any manner but were not able to finance the transportation of the children to and from school. The club immediately set about getting a specially built body on a truck, to accommodate the crippled children who were unable to sit down because of the type of braces they were wearing. The truck was so constructed that it provided for the comfortable transportation of all the children regardless of their crippled condition.

At the time the school started it was reported that "There were among the children several of the 'teen' age who had no more animation than an animal. They were even unable to locate a sound quickly," thus it was the frank opinion of those particularly interested that little or nothing could be done for the majority of the unfortunates. However, the children making up the class which now numbers 39 are responding wonderfully to the various treatments and educational programs prepared for them. Results thus far have greatly exceeded the hopes of the most optimistic. Prompted by the success of this crippled children class, and anxious to extend their services still further, the club recently organized a class made up of 10 blind children.

Melbourne, Australia

The Rotary club of Melbourne takes an increasing interest in the provision of open spaces and playgrounds in the city, having been instrumental in the establishment of seventeen playing areas for children since 1927. The club recently gave 400 pounds in money toward the cost of equipping one of these parks with recreation facilities, and it is due largely to the interest of Rotarians that the city now has 125 playgrounds in the metropolitan area.

Port Hope, Ontario

The following information is gathered from a recent report of Governor Charles W. Buchanan of the 27th District.

A river runs through the town of Port Hope, and bordering the river where all the heavy tourist traffic passes was a very unsightly piece of ground. The Rotary club purchased this piece of land, and they are now building a fine stone wall along the side of the river. A handsome footbridge is also going to span the river.

The work of beautifying the town is costing the club some thousands of dollars, but the Rotary club intends to present the entire project to the town authorities, when completed.

My Business Plan

*To serve my fellowman
The very best I can,—
To make each business
Deal a joy and not a task,—
To do whate'er I do
That God may look it through,
And opportunity to serve
Is all I ask.*

—JAMIE HERON

The Tie That Binds

By ELLEN DUE

THE Georgian Club was assembling in the lobby of the Lathrop Hotel for the usual Monday luncheon. Friendly small talk and modulated laughter floated through the room as the well-tailored group awaited late-comers and the announcement of lunch.

The men represented the professional and commercial history of the busy California city; each was the pinnacle of his field of occupation. To be a Georgian meant that one had arrived long since, professionally and financially.

* * *

The city's ablest attorney made his way across the lobby and approached the club treasurer. "Ward," he asked, "can the treasury stand an extra dig?"

Ward looked dubious. "We voted quite a pile last week for Christmas charity, you know, Allen."

"Yes, I know. I just thought I'd ask before bringing the question up at the business session."

"What's the cause you have in mind," asked Ward. His interest was roused. As Allen was not known to be a sentimentalist the case must be urgent.

"Why, it's a family of destitute children. The father was killed last week by a skidding truck. No doubt you remember reading about it. There will be some compensation and a little insurance, but the mother is in a panic about the future. A little help of a personal kind right now is what I had in mind. Just to tide them over and to give them some kind of Christmas."

"H'm," said Ward, gazing thoughtfully at Allen, "it would take quite a pile and we are low right now. Say!" he exclaimed suddenly, "I think I know how to work it. Leave it to me. Come on, I'm hungry." To avoid questions he hurried Allen toward a group about to enter the dining room.

* * *

Luncheon was over and before the discussion of business matters, smoke and nonsense were in order. Above the hum of voices Ward's tones boomed out. "Mr. President," he called, getting to his feet; "am I to understand that this club exists primarily for the enjoyment and welfare of its members?"

"You are," said the president solemnly, his eyes twinkling in anticipation of a jest.

"Well, I'm not having a good time."

The attention of the club focused on the speaker. "If you will state the reason, Mr. Ward, we shall attempt to remedy your condition."

"Thank you, Mr. President. I'm not having a good time because Mr. Allen is wearing a red necktie. Red neckties make me very unhappy." Under cover of the general burst of laughter he gave a wink that besought the president's coöperation.

He rapped for order and as the laughter subsided, said sternly, "Mr. Allen, is it possible that you have dared appear at a meeting with a red tie? Please rise and let us inspect it."

The tie was actually a handsome maroon of heavy silk. Allen's color was making progress toward matching it. Game but puzzled he rose at his place.

"You see," insisted Ward, "it's red. I move that we fine Mr. Allen ten dollars for the offence."

"Second the motion," chorused the club, not sure what was afoot, but sensing further amusement.

As Allen handed the money to the treasurer, he caught Ward's significant wink. "I get you," grinned Allen, "my turn now." He mumbled something to the surgeon sitting beside him.

"Mr. President," said the surgeon rising, "it's hardly fair for Mr. Allen to shoulder the entire responsibility in this matter. I should like to know where he got the tie."

"You will oblige us with the information, Mr. Allen," requested the president.

"Certainly; it was a birthday gift from my brother-in-law."

Eyes swept toward Chambers, the architect. "Rise up, Chambers," shouted the members. "Fined ten dollars," was the verdict.

"And who sold you the tie?" asked the surgeon.

Ward started. "Why, uh—I did; it's from my store."

"I see," continued the questioner, "I move that we fine him the same amount for promoting bad taste among our club members."

The spirit of the thing had caught the club. The offending tie was handed to the president. "Gentlemen," he asked, "what am I offered for this bit of haberdashery?"

"What did you pay for it, Chambers?" asked a banker.

"Three dollars."

"You soaked him, Ward, but I'll offer ten dollars."

"Raise it to twenty," called an importer.

"Twenty-five." Two voices this time; one eliminated the other with a bid of thirty.

"I'll make it thirty-five and give Allen

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my old tie in exchange"; this from a broker.

"Sold to Mr. Hughes for thirty-five dollars and an old tie," and the president surrendered the red silk.

The mayor rose. "Mr. President, by what authority do you conduct an auction in a public dining room?"

"Why, er—Mr. Mayor—" shouts of laughter rang out at sight of the president's discomfiture.

"I shall be forced to report you to Judge Connell to deal with your case."

"Twenty-five dollars will settle it," said the judge, "and the same from you Mr. City Attorney for wilfully abetting a violation of the city ordinances."

Applause and laughter died down at last. "What's it all about, are we broke?" asked someone. "That fool tie has brought in over a hundred dollars. Let's have a treasurer's report."

Allen and Ward exchanged satisfied glances as the latter rose and repeated the story Allen had told him. It was received with a murmur of interest and sympathy. At the conclusion Chambers leaned toward Allen. "If she likes to cook I can find a place for her on my country place. She can have one of the little bungalows rent free and send the children to school in the district school bus."

Allen pictured the Christmas cheer in store for the bewildered little family. He felt his heart grow warm as he glanced around at the "hard-headed" business men who had made it all possible. "A kindly old world," he thought. "Gentlemen," he said, "I propose a song before our business session." And with his usual masking of sentiment he announced whimsically, "One stanza of 'Blessed be the Tie that Binds'."

Juvenile Books for Fathers

By M. AGNEW MACLEAN

JUVENILE books, like circuses and automatic toy trains, were made ostensibly to amuse juveniles.

Gray-haired parents however are distinctly prevalent in the crowds watching with absorbed and ecstatic attention while street peddlers demonstrate tiny autos and animals that run around the sidewalk when wound up. For the sake of their offspring, fathers will go to great lengths—to say nothing of grandfathers, uncles, and middle-aged bachelor friends of the family. Thousands of deprecating adults annually sacrifice themselves with heroic fortitude by going to the circus "just to take the children."

It is equally commendable to delve into the wild pirate tale that your fifteen-year-old son borrowed from his friend Bill, or the animal stories that Cousin Luella sent him on his birthday. "What is Father reading?" sometimes has an important bearing on "What is the boy reading?" To be caught breathlessly absorbed in an exciting tale of prep school life need bring no blush to the cheek of fatherhood, for boys' fathers should read boys' books.

Child psychologists and psychiatrists and other wise investigators have delved deeply into a query once expressed in the naïve formula:

What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Rats and snails and puppy dogs' tails—
That's what little boys are made of.

However mysterious the ingredients psychologically, pathologically, or otherwise,—when he reaches the plastic high-school age, a boy is made up in part of multitudes of impressions, ideas, and

ideals—good or bad—that he absorbs from an enchanted land opened up to him through books. He has passed through childhood's mechanical obstacles of laboriously deciphering the "story" of how the cat saw the fat rat. What wonder that his greatest volume of reading is done at the stage when he discovers in his mastery of the printed page a new world of wonders and delights. Is he exploring it in the right fields, or is he reading "Confessions of a Roué?"

To find out what sort of a crowd his son is—or ought to be—running around with, Father should read tales that bring the thrill of adventurous life on billowing ocean wave or in strange foreign lands; stories of mystery that make him sit up till all hours to finish; books that bring the refreshing spirit of wood and fields and make him look longingly ahead to that fishing trip next year; rollicking narratives about boys in prep school and college that make him look back and chuckle over the stunts the old frat crowd used to pull off, long before his hair started to grow thin on top. If they are good boys' stories, this parental duty is far from being a bad dose for red-blooded fathers.

Deciding on suitable books for a boy is not a remarkably abstruse matter. To assume that your child has human intelligence is a good start. If a story is inherently silly and stupid, it's a safe bet that it's too silly and stupid for that active young person who, you believe in your heart, inherits something of your brains, although you concede his good looks to his mother.

(Continued on page 50)



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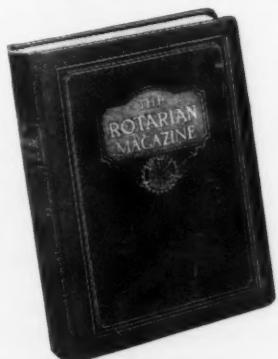
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and the Magenta monument, a copy of which
was by order of the Government placed in the
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honorary member of the Reale Accademia delle
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(Continued from page 48)

Telling the truth to young persons is a sometimes inconvenient and embarrassing practice but nevertheless a commendable policy, not only in parents but also in fiction writers. A once famous short and ugly word may be appropriately applied to writers of the type of story in which a fifteen-year-old hero—far, far abler than the imbecile adults around him and inspired by the thought of a woman's honor being at stake or perhaps a white-haired little mother at death's door—gallops up and down precipices like an agile mountain goat, swims swollen rivers and jumps off swiftly moving trains, arriving just in time to prevent the hold-up, knock out half a dozen dangerous bandits with his bare fists, rescue the heroine, and find the million-dollar hidden treasure.

Fiction writers who misrepresent the facts of human relationships, as well as those of geography, history, natural history or physical science, are "bad medicine" for immature minds.

The modern boy is likely to shy at patronizing, "my dear young reader" styles in writing—another circumstance fortunate for dutiful fathers who read their sons' books.

The up-to-date father no longer thinks his duty is done when he has introduced his son to Messrs. Scott, Thackery, and Dickens. The old standbys are an important part of the boy's library but they are not all. Rubbing up against older persons is good for a boy's intellect. But he craves something in addition. When he wants to talk to somebody in his own language about his new model airplane or the next track meet or the interscholastic football score, he looks up his classmate around the corner who lives in the same adolescent world.

Give him contacts with the old in books that bring to vivid life the atmosphere and events of days gone by but do not stop there. Add to these, literature from the pens of men who are a part of today and its rich interests, who write of things that your son and "the fellows" are thinking and talking about.

Boys may fall into the habit of reading drivel if they find nothing better. If father tactfully supplies plenty of good stuff at home, the son is less likely to buy a copy of "Deadwood Dick" or "Risky Stories" from literary bootleggers abroad.

Being a boy's father has some inconvenient features. It has, however, the compensation of providing an excuse for reading some rattling good stories. Also, for providing interesting anecdotes to relate to one's friends, beginning this way: "I don't believe in bragging about my own kids, but say, that boy of mine—"

Are Men Junk at 40?

By GEORGE LANDIS WILSON

THE "junk man" has come into his own. It is now the "waste materials" business. "Recovery," "conversion," "research," "markets" are words, and facts, now common in the waste materials business. The reason for the change is found in organization.

Nearly all junk is perfectly good material, for some purpose, but it is in the wrong location. Organizations are now devoted to making profits out of junk. Some of them are very large. Their trade association is one of the soundest and most useful in the United States. If so much has been accomplished for inert materials, through organization, what might be done for men?

A statement is made that a man in New York asked for some suggestions regarding the right use for him to make of one million dollars, or more, which he wants to give away, for some use which is worth while, outside the traditionally endowed activities.

There is one field in which this money could be used without pauperizing anybody and with reasonable certainty of accomplishing constructive good results for individuals, for communities, for the nation, and for humanity in general.

One of the big problems of employment is the man who is forty years old or older. The established channels like public and private employment agencies have little but discouragement for such men. The typical private agency, which depends upon income derived from people who are actually placed in jobs, does not find that this sort of business, under normal conditions, will yield enough in returns to repay the cost of the effort involved in their attempts to place such men, as a rule. They have neither the viewpoint nor the facilities to get satisfactory results. The cost of advertising, for the average men of this sort, is prohibitive. Answers to prospective employers' ads disclose a large proportion of heartless fakirs, after much travel and loss of time. The physical effort to make a personal search to uncover such a job sometimes seems almost an impossible performance, with the problem of self support in the meantime. Efforts to enlist the coöperation of friends and acquaintances are usually met with a rather hopeless sort of courteous inattention.

The man who has saved a moderate reserve, during his years of employment, is concerned when he must begin to live "out of principal." He is likely to reach

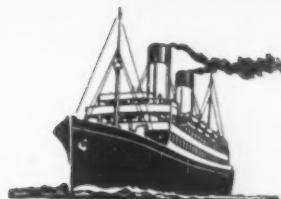
a condition bordering on panic long before his resources are exhausted. The man who has not, or who has lost his savings, is desperate. There is a feeling of intense lonesomeness. He knows not which way to turn.

Nearly all men, who have reached this age of forty, have developed a degree of self respect which makes them poor candidates for receiving the aid of charitable institutions. They want to earn and pay their way. Most of them have accumulated a considerable amount of experience which can be made useful if and when the place for using it can be uncovered. Experience shows that when such men are landed in jobs selected by or for them with moderate care and intelligence, they make good in the jobs. They are more steady than the younger men. They have a greater amount of resourcefulness to meet occasions which have not been foreseen in connection with their jobs. They are usually more persistent when things are unpleasant. They appreciate a job, when they have it, more than such jobs are appreciated by the younger people. This automatically brings about a more continuous desire to be of service and hold on to the job.

Barriers at Forty

SUNDRY developments and mergers of the last few years have had a tendency to make certain of the large corporations, where efforts at standardization are an important part of their plans for development, set up barriers which exclude these people over forty, sometimes only thirty-five. Even in these concerns, there is frequently grave question regarding the desirability of such exclusion. There are already some groping efforts to set up classifications that permit use of the services of such men, even though they may not be strictly inside all of the provisions made for the development of the employee group as a whole. In the smaller concerns there is a dawning sense that the age limit is not always a helpful factor to be considered. This is one element of hopefulness in the set-up.

There is a place, in every good-sized center of population, for a high-class employment office which limits its activities to placement of people who have reached the age of forty. Such an employment office should be in charge of a man who has had personnel experience, who has good business judgment, coupled with sane sympathy for people, and a personal presence which com-



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mands confidence. Such a man will have no trouble in recruiting, from among his applicants, all of the help that he needs to run his office. Beginning with the information and telephone desk, clear through the group of clerks and outside solicitors, seeking co-operation from employers, to the actual interviewers and men who are conducting the work of placement, the staff should be "older" men.

The office need not be located in a "high rent" section, but all suggestion of squalor or charity or church control must be avoided. It must be a strictly business office, readily accessible to transportation. Somewhere in the neighborhood, connection might be established with a barber, bath, shoe shine, clothes pressing and hat cleaning shop. This might have a "self-shaving" annex, a reading, writing and waiting room, with telephone booths, a respectable boarding house registry and a moderate cost cafeteria. Every employee here should be older than forty.

It will be a mistake to put such an institution on a "free employment" basis. There should be a registry fee of \$2.00. All of this \$2.00 should be spent (and perhaps more), rechecking the applications so that every person is placed in the light of his actual experience record and with the background which that record would often give to the new employer.

There should be a further charge, probably \$10.00 for positions of all grades, payable at the rate of \$2.00 per week, out of earnings as they accrue. These payments take the placement service out of the class of charity and keep the applicants where they would put a value upon it and retain their own self respect. Of course, many employers would refund this item of expense to the satisfactory employee.

It is not likely that such an office would reach the stage of actual self-support for a considerable length of time, but it ought to be adequately fi-

nanced to give good service from the start. Once the rate of deficit is known, such an office would be worthy of any endowment which anybody saw fit to establish. Once the chain of such employment offices is started and proved to be reasonably effective, further endowments would surely be forthcoming. There is little likelihood that there would be any commercial competition developed for such offices. On the other hand, it is almost certain that every reputable private registered employment agency would send to this specialized office a large number of desirable applicants.

As time went on any resourceful director of such an employment office would develop, through study of the personnel with which he was in contact, plans for a number of self supporting activities in which the various types of men could find employment. Some of the applicants, of managerial calibre, could be interested in these activities. A considerable number of them have moderate resources or could obtain financial backing for these enterprises, if once it was made certain that a continuous supply of suitable help for the activities could be obtained. In every community there are certain continuous needs which are not adequately met by existing commercial establishments. Those can be determined. Service, rendered to people who need it, will always receive pay.

The inauguration of such a service by "some man over forty, with good general experience and limited funds" is almost sure to fail. It requires:

1. The right manager with personnel experience and the humanitarian viewpoint, wisely tempered.
2. Ample capital to go through the starvation period of development.
3. Persistent work, to change the prejudices of employers, in a sales campaign.
4. Delivery of the right men to fill jobs.

A Motion Before the House

*P*ONDEROUS in body, mien, and mind,
And solemn in his use of word and phrase,
Old Dan McCarty, Celt in voice and ways,
Came from his hillside farm when he divined
That wrong might rise from matters ill-defined
By village fathers. On town-meeting days
His great voice rolled through argument's hot maze
And leveled lesser men not of his kind.

*D*ispute was wild, that spring, what color best
Would suit the schoolhouse by the Clabber Brook;
Some argued white, some green, and once a bid
Was made for blue. Old Dan heard all the rest,
Then rose and said as one speaks by the book:
"I move, sor-r-r, we whitewash the schoolhouse rid!"

—ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

Rotary Club Activities

Flags at Stake in International Contest

CANON CITY, COLO.—The local Rotary club has arranged with the Rotary club of Gothenburg, Sweden, for an attendance contest to be held during the months of November, December, and January. If the Canon City club wins they are to be presented with a Swedish flag, but should Gothenburg Rotarians win the club will present them with a flag of the United States. Interest in the contest is keen, and the two clubs hope the rivalry will create a strong and lasting bond of friendship between them.

To Secure Work for Crippled Children

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—The Rotary club has recently appointed a special committee to secure positions for crippled children who have become physically able to work. Should the committee's effort meet with success, it would help to solve a long standing problem.

Guest Night on Club Program

DOWNTON, PENNA.—The local Rotary club has inaugurated a Guest Night as a regular feature of the club program for the purpose of affording the community a better understanding of the work and ideals of Rotary. At a recent meeting thirty non-Rotarian guests were present, representing many different elements of life in the community, and members believe such get-togethers will result in more effective co-operation when the club undertakes some community service project. The club also entertains each month a senior high school student to acquaint the rising generation with the ideals of Rotary.

"A Trip Around the Rotary World"

CAIRO, ILLINOIS—A Sixth Object meeting that proved instructive and entertaining was recently held by the local Rotary club. Previous to the meeting letters were sent to twenty clubs in different countries describing the city, and giving the classification of the writer, and asking for responses of the same kind. The answers to these letters were read by former residents or natives of the country who then gave the club a short talk on its resources and people. The meeting closed with a grouping of flags, all shown under a spotlight, and members and guests felt the gathering was both inspiring and educational.

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Boys' Corner

"The Yrator Club," of Chickasha, Oklahoma

OUT of a desire to meet the responsibilities of membership on a boys' work committee, came the establishment of the "Yrator Club."

The name of the club is significant in that it is Rotary spelled backwards. "Yrator" is, after a fashion, a junior Rotary club. Through it the life and spirit of Rotary are reflected back and on into the lives of the boys. In turn the image of Yrator is transfigured into the newness of life in the men of Rotary.

The original purpose of Yrator was to bring the Rotary club into closer and more personal contact with the boys in the schools, but already there are forces at work to broaden the scope of the club activities to reach other boys of Chickasha. Churches, shops and other organizations may yet be drawn into the Yrator movement, but at present the first club is for school boys only.

In the fall of 1927, the boys' work committee of the Chickasha Rotary club adopted the name "Yrator," and outlined a tentative code of ethics and by-laws for the proposed boys' organization. The committee then met with the City Superintendent of Schools and the principals of the senior and junior high schools to discuss the plan.

The outcome of this meeting was an agreement that the schools would cooperate in the movement and that the Rotary club would sponsor the Yrator club.

The charter membership was composed of one boy from each grade from the fifth to twelfth inclusive in Chickasha. There were represented five ward schools, the junior and the senior high schools of the city system and the elementary and high school grades of St. Joseph's Academy, a Catholic institution.

These boys were chosen upon the recommendation of their teachers.

The organization includes one Rotarian sponsor for each school participating in the club.

The best exposition of the whole Yrator movement is set forth in the code of ethics, the Six Objects and the By-Laws of the club. The code sets forth seven principles of thought and action. They are:

The Yrator Code of Ethics

As a Yrator, I am obligated:

1. To hold that education is the foundation of success.
2. To conduct myself in all forms of athletics so that my fellows will know that I practice clean sportsmanship.
3. To so conduct myself, both in the classroom and on the playground, that there

will be no question about my being in full accord with the discipline of the school.

4. To respect and honor my parents and all others who are in authority.
5. To give of my talents in service to my fellows, without thought of remuneration.
6. To keep, at all times, my conduct above reproach that my fellows may seek to emulate my life and actions.
7. Finally, to believe in the universality of the Golden Rule, "All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Six Objects of the Yrator Club

Y—YOUTH:

A Yrator is an outstanding ambitious youth.

R—RELIGION:

A Yrator is reverent. He believes in God and tries to live a life of faith.

A—ACCOMPLISHMENT:

A Yrator achieves leadership in scholarship, social life, and character.

T—TRUTH:

A Yrator is truthful. He is loyal, honorable and a friend.

O—OPPORTUNITY:

A Yrator finds opportunity to give his best to his companions and to develop the best within himself.

R—RECREATION:

A Yrator is a sportsman. His play is fair, healthful and wholesome.

By-laws Governing the Yrator Club

MEMBERSHIP

The members shall consist of one member from each class from the fifth to and including the twelfth grades. Each member will serve one school semester from his respective school.

The candidate shall be chosen, by the principal or faculty of his school, it being the aim of the club to have the most representative boys from their respective classes. The candidate must be voted upon by the Club and have a 2/3 majority. In the event of an opening a new member may be elected in the routine way.

SPONSORSHIP

There shall be a member of the Chickasha Rotary Club appointed by the Rotary Club for each school, to act as an advisor, and to coöperate with the members of the Yrator Club in all activities, such activities to have the approval of the Superintendent and Principals of the schools.

CLUB MEETINGS

The Club shall have a luncheon meeting the 4th Friday noon of each month, at which time all business will be brought before the club. In addition, there shall be an educational feature to be furnished by the sponsors. The method of procedure shall be governed by Roberts rules of order.

LUNCHEON

Each member and sponsor shall bring his lunch at the regular noon luncheon.

Those who have observed most critically the Yrator club in action are convinced that the thing works. The boys actually are living the Yrator life. The schools are discerning the influence of Yrator ideals in the conduct of the boys in the club and in that of other boys.

Atlanta, Georgia

A booklet entitled "Little Soldiers of Misfortune" has recently been published by the Rotary Club of Atlanta, Georgia, in which is contained the following information regarding a very worthy phase of boys' work.

"Ten years ago the Family Welfare Society brought to the attention of the Rotary Club of Atlanta an opportunity for service in connection with the lifting of unfortunate boys out of abnormal home environments when such a procedure became necessary to the proper and normal development of the boy as a future citizen."

"The Rotary club decided to use its organization as a means of finding individual Rotarians who would agree to put up the cost of sending these boys off to a school in the country where they would have the opportunity of spending at least a part of their boyhood in a more wholesome environment."

"So far, as many as eighty-one such boys have been helped by ninety individual Rotarians, the average cost having been fifteen dollars a month per boy; it has been customary for two Rotarians to share between them the expense of one boy."

"As a whole, these boys come from homes where the normal conditions of family life have been broken by death, by misfortune, by parental failure. Twenty-nine of them are the sons of widows who, because we have no state aid to mothers, are obliged to work to support their children. While so doing the children are without care or supervision at home, and in many cases the boy who received a scholarship had been a truant from school, overwhelmed by the fascination of street life and rapidly on the way to delinquency and the juvenile court."

"Fifteen are the children of deserting fathers and to the poverty and neglect

resulting from a mother forced to work, was added the shock and demoralization of the father's failure to meet his responsibilities."

"Six boys came from homes broken by the separation or divorce of the parents, with all that this means in the loss of security and normal relationship for the child."

"The purpose of the scholarship in the case of twenty-five of them was stated to be the prevention of misconduct on the part of the neglected child in a disorganized home."

"Twenty-eight boys were sent to school because they were without any chance for reasonable care in their own homes."

"With a school success for 94% of the boys, and successful adjustment for 84% of those who have returned to their homes, or have made a place for themselves in the community, the record in the face of handicaps in the home situation seems an exceptional one."

Little Rock, Arkansas

An exposition featuring vocational guidance as a part of the boys' work activity of the Little Rock Rotary Club was held in connection with the recent Arkansas State Fair. Local scout troops chose the forty subjects for display, among which the following should be mentioned: automobiling, aviation, astronomy, blacksmithing, first aid, forestry, book binding, business, carpentry, dairying, electricity, firmanship handcraft, masonry, painting, photography, plumbing, printing, poultry keeping and radio.

It was estimated that at least 85,000 people saw the exhibits.



Photo: Courtesy of Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R.R.

El Capitan, Yosemite National Park



Langlade County Memorial Hospital at Antigo, Wisconsin

ANTIGO raised

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Keeping Step With the Present

(Continued from page 24)

body loses. The money losses hang on for hundreds of years, and the human losses go on forever. And so the most powerful nations are waking up. They are conferring on disarmament. They are forming leagues for peace. They are establishing tribunals of international justice, signing peace pacts, and renouncing war as an instrument of national policy. Editors of our great dynamic dailies are taking up the cudgels for peace. I quote a paragraph from one of the most astute among these—Thomas M. Callahan, editor of the Lafayette (Louisiana) *Daily Advertiser* and founder of the Lafayette Rotary Club, who says in the issue of October 14th: "The plain fact seems to be that this modern world is so complicated, with all nations so dependent on one another, that war is just naturally out of date. And the sooner we realize that our (the United States) "splendid isolation" isn't what it used to be, the sooner we'll be willing to do all that we can to make peace everlasting."

But of all these recent evidences of a growing spirit of world-wide conciliation, perhaps the most outstanding is the negotiation and signing last summer of the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact, and the Hoover-MacDonald Conversations in Washington during the month of October, resulting in the calling of a naval disarmament conference to be held in January. Through a factious and a freakish fate, America is not yet a member of the League of Nations, but she is ably represented upon the International World Court, she is a party to the Peace Pact of 1929, and is working in sympathetic cooperation with the movement to put an end to the expensive, wasteful, and mischievous international rivalry in naval armament.

Her President, in the recent conversations with Premier MacDonald, gave such happy expression to the spirit of international amity as to bring forth this heartening response from the head of the British government on the occasion of his warm cordial reception by all parties in the House of Commons

upon his return from America. He said:

"No Ambassador could have received a warmer welcome. No government could have opened its doors, its mind and heart wider.

"Although some matters dealt with might easily have aroused old prejudices, I found nothing but thoughtfulness and a desire to coöperate in placing the facts and positions justly before our countries.

"I tried by personal contact and direct address to establish a new relation between the two countries, based on mutual understanding of the common object to be pursued and the national differences to be respected. . . .

"We approached the old historical problems from a new angle in a new atmosphere—the assumption that war between us is banished and conflicts between our military and naval forces cannot take place."

Let us look for the best. I do not believe in over-optimism, but I do think we should indulge the highest hopes and expectations of mankind. And let us not depend upon selfishness alone as a principle sufficient to secure world progress. Let us believe, as we justly may, that the meanest, most selfish man we can think of, has a spark of the divine—which, if fanned with the sympathetic breath of the spirit of fellow-humanity, may kindle into flame for the good of the world. That sympathetic spirit of fellowship is essentially the spirit of the world's great religions;—it is the spirit of Education—and it is the spirit of Rotary International. It bids us to be of good cheer, to work with a will, and to hope that Man is improving—waking up, becoming aware of a divine origin and hopeful of a divine destiny. Let us reverently say with Tennyson in the deathless lines of *In Memoriam*:

"O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

The Happiness of a Hobby

(Continued from page 14)

track and how to splash in regardless instead of niggling about with tiny brushes. Having committed a number of art atrocities myself, I knew something of the initial difficulties.

His water-colors today are honestly amazing. He exhibits regularly in the annual show of the Water Color Society and, along the way, has a whale of a time recording a part of the ineffable beauty of Nature which most of us look at so hopelessly. And of course the doors

of an entirely new world, the appreciation of what the great men have done and are doing in his and other mediums, have been flung wide to him. He has a side-line. He is a very busy man, but there is always time for the thing he loves.

Another friend puts in his days trying to convince the public that his particular brand of oil-burner is the best in the world—and what job, I ask you, could be more devastating than that!

In his spare time he makes ship models. Nowadays, no home, be it on the top of an inland mountain, is complete without its ship model. He, too, soon learned that a fine one—not a quaint but bungling affair whittled out by a foremast hand, but a real "captain's model" made by the "Old Man" himself—was worth a king's ransom, and a high-priced king at that. So he set to work, fitting himself out with watchmakers' lenses, delicate instruments, hair-thick wire, tiny lathes, all the minute implements of his painstaking craft.

In his apartment stands the fruit of five-years' "odd moments," a quarter-inch scale model of the Constitution, the bluff-bowed old champion of the American Navy. She is magnificent, the most perfect thing in scale I have ever seen, not excepting the old beauties in New Bedford and Newburyport. Her creator pointed out to me how he had even "rabbeted" her gun-ports, with a microscopic set-back hardly visible. "Very few take the trouble to do that," he said. For him, too, a new world has been opened. He is rich in the lore of the sea and the romance of fleet clipper-ships with their glorious names, "Flying Cloud," "Sovereign of the Seas," an armada of adventure.

"Tiresome?" I demur.

Grosbeaks and Jewelry

EARLY last spring my wife and I wandered through the fields near our two-bath power manse. We spied a bulky figure among the trees. He held a pair of binoculars to his eyes and in his other hand was a note-book. I recognized a neighbor of mine of whom I only knew that he was in the jewelry business. "Just checking up on the birds," he explained. "I'm rather keen on them. I've seen twenty-eight different kinds this morning. Rather early for the grosbeaks, isn't it?" He read us the imposing list while we exchanged glances, for in our childlike way we had managed to spot seven types. Personally, I take pride in knowing a crow from a robin, but as for the grosbeaks, the nut-hatches, and the finch family, well, I haven't met them, that's all!

On our way home he gave a little talk on birds, drifting on to trees, lichens, mosses, the early flowers . . . the man was a mine! In half an hour he gave me a glimpse of his character that has remained indelible.

"Silly?" Well, perhaps it is silly of many of the great Englishmen, our most devoted naturalists, to turn from statecraft and wars to write about pheasants, or ruffed grouse, or sea-shells, or butterflies. At any rate they know one thing well beside their regular business. And what fun they have!

And, speaking of Englishmen, let me

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say a little more about them. They are, I believe, more digressive than any other people, perhaps because they are less hurried. They are forever dabbling in side-lines, and they dabble deep. I cherish the story told of Seymour Haden who was a recognized physician before his matchless etchings were discovered. His prize patient, Sir Frederick Leighton, called at his office. When Haden appeared, the great painter pointed at several prints on the walls of the waiting-room, saying, "Whose are these?"

"Mine," said Haden.

"Yes, I know they are yours," said Leighton, rather testily, "but I mean, who did them?"

"I did," replied the physician.

"In that case, sir, good afternoon," said the painter, clapping on his hat.

"What's the matter?" stammered Haden. "Don't you like them?"

"Like them!" snorted Sir Frederick. "Let me tell you, sir, no man who does etchings like that is going to doctor me!"

Haden lost a valuable patient and made his future.

Thoroughgoing Sportsmen

THINK of Lewis Carroll, professor of mathematics at Oxford, and his immortal "Alice in Wonderland." He lives forever in the child-heart of the world. I like to think, too, of the Irishman, Sir Thomas Lipton, who mixes salt water with his tea so successfully. "Advertising," I hear some carpers say. More power to him! He does the challenging job so splendidly, is such a good sport, game competitor, and gallant loser, that he has endeared himself to thousands who go down to the sea in ships. I almost said, down to the tea in ships!

Our Canadian friends step out boldly among their forests and streams. Their avocations reflect their surroundings. Ardent fishermen and hunters, they also know how to tie their own flies and make their own rods, build their own canoes and cabins, and mount the "trophies of the chase" with which to adorn them. Thorough-going sportsmen, they, and among them, men like beloved Dr. Drummond, poet-laureate of the Laurentians, to sing the smoke of the camp-fire, the long portage, the fighting salmon, and rest when the day is over. Pre-eminently, out-of-door digressions are theirs and they do them magnificently.

I'm not sure how many people have the insatiable thirst for information that afflicts me. I say "afflicts" for, often, the thought of the things I shall never know, of which I can not possibly touch even the fringe, strikes me with a pang bordering on despair.

This Summer I sat with a group over our coffee cups while a banker, who

describes himself as being "sort of half-way retired," told us the story of his vacation trip abroad. Wow! what a story! He had spent three months, partly, if you please, in a French archeological college and partly doing field-work in the lower Rhone Valley. He is an enthusiast, a burning brand of man, volatile, excitable, and as he talked the room became peopled with great hulking cave-dwellers and their neolithic ancestors. It was way over our heads, but we sat spell-bound, as he turned the pages of the world. "Retired," I thought, as I bade him good-night, "why, the man has just begun!"

Isn't it pathetic that we cannot remember more than a thousandth of what we hear!

Did you ever try to buy an old map? Anyway, you know how popular they are? Oh, very much the thing. They have followed along in the wake of the ship models, but you cannot buy a real "early American" for love nor money.

They simply aren't to be had except in faint reprints, ghosts of the originals, like the sets of English sporting-prints sold to undergraduates. A coal-dealer friend of mine solves this difficulty by "rolling his own," so to speak. He is much enamored of the New England coast and will do you a profile of Cape Cod with an inaccuracy worthy of Capt. John Smith himself. They are decorative, and he makes himself enormously popular by giving them to people he likes. Incidentally, he enjoys drawing galleons a-sailing through shoals of mermaids, and spouting whales wherever the "Atlantick Ocean" looks lonely.

The possible digressions I have mentioned only scratch the surface. I have given samples of craftsmanship, the arts, and intellectual pursuits. There are scores of other things which will take a man out of himself and make him more interesting. They will replace a lot of rubbish. If he wants something active and out of doors, I recommend gardening. He will get a lot more out of digging in a flower bed or a vegetable garden than he will out of a bunker. But whatever he does, whether it be writing, acting, or collecting books, bandboxes or buttons, he must do it hard.

A lady with whom I am closely associated in this business of living suggests that some men might introduce a startling innovation in their lives by paying some attention to their own children, by helping them with their home work and by reading good books to them in the old-fashioned way, instead of—but mercy on us, what a revolutionary idea, and what an enormous field for discussion it opens! Surely, it must be reserved for another essay.

The Abuse of Credit

(Continued from page 25)

sale cigar house a short time ago. The merchant frequently made such claims. This house sent its salesman unannounced to the merchant and the goods claimed to be short in the shipment were found in his showcase, and the claim for shortage refused.

The old trick of sending an unsigned check to gain a few extra days' time has been played so often that it is a reflection on the intelligence of the sender, but it is still being done.

Another abuse is the over-extending of credit. "Credit is cheap" is an everyday expression and one for which the seller is responsible. Intelligent extension of credit is as important as the redeeming of the credit by the buyer. To sell a man more goods than he can pay for imposes an obligation on the seller.

Installment Plan Overdone

THE installment payment plan is one of the most dangerous abuses of credit that we have to contend with today, and one to which business men must give heed because of its rapid growth year by year. The installment plan of payment has helped many a man to become the owner of a home, an automobile, a set of books, or other costly commodities, which possibly he could not otherwise have had. It has helped him to save. It has given him a goal to which to work, and we respect it for its virtues. But the installment plan in my opinion is being overdone. Many a man has bought things he did not need simply because it was easy to do so. I heard of a bookkeeper recently who had contracted to pay, on things he had purchased, more each month in installment payments than his income amounted to. Such a system encourages extravagance and excessive mortgaging of future income for immediate satisfactions. Many times the article purchased is worn out and gone before the purchase price is fully paid. One of the basic principles of sound credit is that the final payment should be made before a serious depreciation has occurred in the goods themselves.

A man may even buy the engagement ring for his fair lady on the installment plan today. When they are married they buy the home, the furnishings, the automobile, the washing-machine, the vacuum-cleaner, their clothing, all on installments; they can reroof the house or paint it by such an extended-payment plan, and so on, throughout the whole list of their wants, they can pay a dollar down and a dollar a week. The merchants have adopted a new term removing some of the stigma heretofore attached to "installment buying." They now call it "the budget plan."

However, such a thing overdone tends to inflation, and inflation is an unhealthy condition for business.

Those who are most able to pay often are the ones to abuse the credit extended them. In talking a few days ago to the manager of one of our large firms, he told me of a banker who purchased large orders of his goods, but who was most unmindful of the terms of payment. It was almost worth the business to collect the bill from him. If you owed this man's bank a note, however, he would be most insistent upon observance of the exact terms.

Some people disregard prompt payment of an account because it is small. The principle involved is just the same as if the amount were large. It may be that all of the accounts of that merchant are small, and if all his debtors took the same attitude, and did not pay, the life blood of his business would be stopped, threatening him with failure as a result. You would be surprised, I believe, if you knew the extent to which failure to pay store accounts is responsible for mercantile failures.

In every field of human endeavor, he that is first must perpetually live in the white light of publicity.

Members of the Rotary club are among the leaders in their community. They are hand-picked in a sense, as the most representative man in their field of endeavor. They should set an example to their fellow-men for the prompt payment of all bills. It is the spirit of our Rotary Code of Ethics.

Prompt payment of bills lays the corner stone of credit that will ever be valuable to you, and may in times of need be a real blessing. The converse is true, that lack of prompt payment of bills is commercial suicide. They tell a story of two men who were walking through an old burying ground in New England, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. On one they read, "Here lies John Smith, not dead but sleeping."

"What do you think of that?" asked one of the men.

"He's fooling no one but himself," replied the other.

And so with those who do not pay their bills. They fool no one but themselves, for it is just a matter of time until they are denied this valuable credit.

Measuring up in all other things, only the man who pays his bills promptly is regarded by credit men as a man of character. The Rotary Club of Orlando, Florida, once conducted what is called a "Pay Your Bills" campaign. At the Cleveland Convention of Rotary International, a past president of that club,



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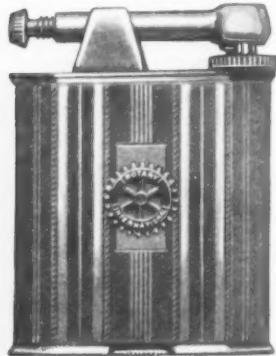


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you will recall, told about the educational campaign directed against the greatest curse facing the business world—the abuse of credits. He found that in their club of fifty-five members, several had set dates for paying their current bills. He urged all members to adopt a date not later than the tenth of the month on which to settle all current accounts.

At the club meeting just preceding the 10th of the month the subject was brought to the attention of members. Occasionally at the first meeting following the 10th of the month each member was handed a card and requested to write "yes" or "no" according to whether or not he had paid his current bills by the tenth of that month. At the beginning this unsigned ballot showed that 15 per cent of the members paid their bills by the 10th of the month. At the end of the year the last ballot showed that 91 per cent had actually put the plan into effect.

What Is "Prompt Payment"?

HERE is a wide difference at times as to what is prompt payment of bills, especially in retail credit, where custom and usage have developed the "charge it" habit, without any clear understanding as to when payment is to be made. While I have my own ideas as to what constitutes prompt payment, I have asked credit men in several lines of business, and some individuals as well what they regarded as prompt. A retail grocer considers a bill paid by the

15th promptly paid, and reports payment by the 30th as slow. On the other hand two department stores and a men's clothing business consider payment by the 30th as prompt. Generally speaking payment of a bill by the 15th or 20th of the month is considered prompt pay.

Walt Mason wrote a little article sometime ago entitled "High Credit." He says: "If you keep your credit spotless, ills may trail you in a bunch, but bad luck is rendered swatless, evil fate has lost its punch. For the helpful merchant princes will not answer you, 'Nay, Nay,' when you call to buy some quinces or a luscious bale of hay. You can buy all things you're needing, from a cookstove to a cheese, without argument or pleading, without falling on your knees; for the watchful merchant princes have your record, writ in black; and each one of them evinces confidence that you'll come back. You feel chipper as a colt is when it eats the first June hay; you can buy a flaxseed poultice, and when ready, you can pay. If you wish to buy an anchor or a house to call your own, you can go and ask the banker for a little timely loan; and the banker will embrace you and caress you o'er and o'er and around the block he'll chase you, asking you to borrow more. But if you are slow and heedless in the paying of your bills, you will find your children feedless when arrives the day of ills. And your wife, who proudly minces, in her new and stylish gown, will approach the merchant princes and they'll snarl and turn her down."

The Original Melting-Pot

(Continued from page 35)

I asked him if he wouldn't prefer to have a hundred francs on the first of every month, rather than fifty francs or so, doled out as occasion arose. He replied that he would not. "Regular payments," he said, "would make the thing commercial. A gratuity, from time to time, as monsieur is pleased with such small services as I may render him, indicates appreciation on his part, and fills me with pleasurable emotions. There is, furthermore, the agreeable element of chance. One never knows what the gratuity may be. It has all the charm of the unexpected."

The Insistence Upon Manners

CONTRARY to the opinion of many travellers, any normal Frenchman who serves you will prefer a well-turned speech of thanks to a mere churlish gift of money, however large. In my youth, I spent two weeks at a Paris hotel, and when I left I explained to the domestic staff, drawn up for their largesse, that I was a poor student, bicycling my way

about Europe, and with little money to spend. I had, however, enjoyed my stay with them so much that I wished to tender an evidence of appreciation in the shape of five francs—at that time just a dollar. When I concluded, one of the waiters stepped forward, bowed low, and proceeded, like Cicero before the Romans, to state that their pleasure had been no less than mine, and that it being distasteful to their higher natures to place what they esteemed to be friendship on a commercial basis, they found it impossible to accept my offering.

A thing that the foreigner is apt to overlook is the French insistence on *manners*. Just as a mere phrase can turn a French mob, bent on blood, into cooing doves, so, a Frenchman will lose sight of your sterling character if you fail to tip your hat to him. The economic changes resultant from the war and the rise of a new class of parvenus has taken some of the edge from French manners, but it still remains

true that the amenities of social intercourse hold a large place in every French heart. The Frenchman still shakes hands at the slightest provocation. A banking friend told me that he shook hands with everyone in his department in the morning when he came to work, every noon when he went out to lunch, again when he came back, and in the afternoon when he left. It is not a particularly hearty affair, that French handshake, as it can be done with either hand, and one need not even look at the person with whom one shakes. But the gesture must be made. Otherwise, you are—well, you are "American"—brusque.

French Characteristics

FRENCH manners are at the bottom of much misunderstanding of the French. The word "politeness" is the reason for many people coming to France with great enthusiasm and going home in anger and disgust. Every visitor to France should learn what "politeness" means, or he will be confused and disillusioned when he discovers that extreme politeness is not incompatible with the unpleasant habits which are to be found in France and everywhere else.

The fact is that the Anglo-Saxon associates polish of manner with qualities of the heart: whereas, to the Frenchman politeness means just what it says—polish.

The emphasis upon form as opposed to content goes to the roots of French character. I met a young Englishman, studying bacteriology at the Pasteur Institute. And at my surprise that the British had anything to learn from the French in that field, he declared that the French were the leaders of science. "They discover everything," he said. "Though they never do anything with what they discover."

The French are not practical. As their emphasis is upon manners rather than upon conduct, upon beauty rather than upon utility, upon wit rather than upon wisdom, so it is upon ideas rather than upon application. Any Frenchman, whatever his social or economic status, will drop whatever he happens to be doing to engage in a discussion of ideas. He is always ready to draw up a chart or a program. But having determined principles, he loses interest.

The quality goes even into sport. The French have of late years had a phenomenal rise in the world of tennis. "But wait," said a French friend. "We have mastered tennis. Soon we shall drop it. Now we are taking up golf. Soon we shall master that. And then we shall drop that, too. We French, alas, are like that."

He said "alas," but he was not at all sad about it. He was, in fact, very well pleased with himself, for he felt

that he had laid down a philosophical axiom, and, true Frenchman that he was, proceeded at once to a profound analysis of sport in the scheme of things.

One thing that the foreigner finds hard to grasp in the French is their lack of progressiveness or of what he calls ambition. They are shrewd traders, and they can pinch pennies as hard as any people. But they will not pursue a pecuniary advantage at the expense of habit.

I once went into the place of a French automobile dealer, and told him that I wanted to buy a car. He looked at his watch—and said that if I would come back after luncheon he would be glad to sell me one! And the automobile business was exceedingly poor at that time, too.

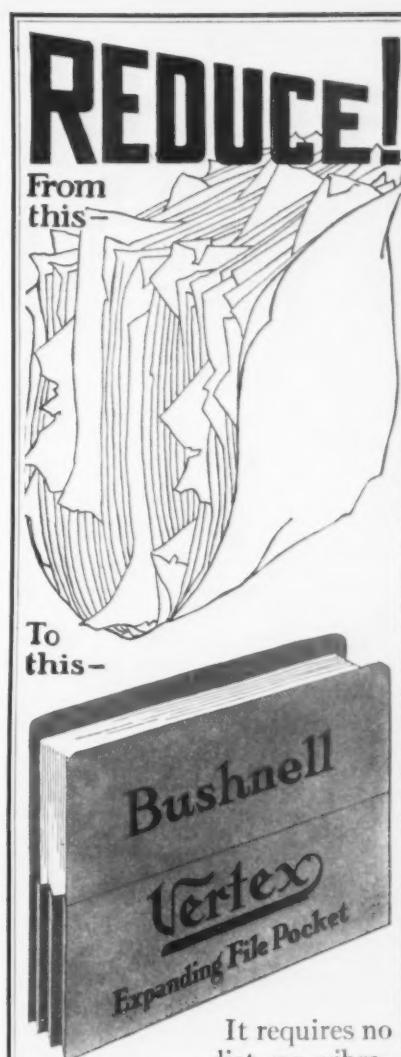
It is hard for the foreigner to understand the voluntary limits that a Frenchman sets to enterprise. His habit of closing the shutters at noon is sanctified by antiquity, it is a concession to his liver, and it is a ceremonial in the religion he practises most sincerely—the worship of his family. To discard those things in favor of a trivial and passing profit would seem to him to violate the thing he reveres most—his sense of proportion.

The Frenchman, who, despite his seeming volatility, is the most logical of men, has never for an instant lost sight of the fact that business is a means to an end. No one works harder than he, but without ever forgetting the purpose of his toil. Few Frenchmen ever wrap themselves up in their work as Americans so often do. There is no cult of admiration for business, *per se*. And no Frenchman, if he can possibly avoid it, ever dies in the harness.

At an early age he determines his financial goal, and all his life his eyes are fixed on it. He does not want a larger business if it will interfere with the date and circumstances of his planned retirement. And many a Frenchman, just at the age when Americans are coming into the full flowering of business activity, settles down quietly to play piquet in provincial cafés, to roam in the forests, to read, to look at pictures, to listen to music, and to long discussions of the art of cooking.

For cooking, in France, is an art—and a fine one. Everything the Frenchman does is governed by aesthetic considerations. My new automobile was in several respects inferior to the preceding model. The gasoline gauge, for example, was no longer mounted where it could be seen, but had been hidden away under the bonnet. And when I protested at what seemed like retrogression, the salesman merely shrugged his shoulders, and murmured something about "the beautiful line."

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came home of an entirely different size than was called for in the careful drawings I had made, the trunkmaker disarmed me by assuring me that his trunk was "more beautifully proportioned" than mine would have been. Which was true—even if it would not go under a Pullman berth!

That idea of beauty, of individual creativeness, runs through everything. It is responsible, I think, for much of the Frenchman's difficulty in adapting himself to the idea of quantity production. He knows that modern life imposes upon him the necessity of repetition, but it goes against something deeply ingrained in his soul. It makes for much that is charming, but also much that is vexatious. Things made by hand and to order, with scope for the maker's creative ability, are unrivaled; but things made by machine are apt to try the soul.

Something in the French heart represents being mechanized. The humblest workman feels himself an instrument of God, and while he will toil long hours to execute a fresco for your walls and produce a thing of beauty, when it comes to laboring under contract at repetitious tasks, his indifference is magnificent.

Ford Madox Ford tells of being taken to dine in what, he was assured, was the best French restaurant in New York. When the meal was over, the host asked him what he thought of it. And he replied, solemnly, that having eaten the wide world over, he could safely say that it was the worst meal he had ever had. The host was astonished. "Why, the chef is famous!"

"Let me talk to him," said Ford grimly. And when the chef stood before him, he demanded: "How could you? How could you produce such an atrocity?"

The chef's eyes filled with tears. "It is true," he said with a tragic gesture. "But consider my story. I was engaged, at a fabulous salary, to practise my art here. I came. I am a great artist—one of the greatest in the world. I strove faithfully, at first, to give of my best. But, what would you? I have been here over a year without even a complaint! My soul is crushed. When my contract is up I am going back to my dear France, where, at my birthplace of Senlis, I shall open a little restaurant and once more be the artist."

I have no doubt that that story is true in every word. All over France one finds old gentlemen, descendants of the legendary Vattel, practising their art. I broke down, one day, on a lonely road, near a village of not over five hundred inhabitants, where I found the former chef of the Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo practising his art in a restaurant with one table. In his back

yard he had tanks where he kept his fish, and we spent a pleasant twenty minutes discussing the relative merits of trout and terrapin.

The French sense of art is stronger than their business sense. I dined as the guest of some American tourists one night at a famous and expensive restaurant. The proprietor himself took the order, which was in the American manner—soup, fish, roast, and what not. When they asked my preference as to soup, I said that the place was noted for its onion soup, for which I had a special weakness. All right, bring the gentleman some onion soup. And then . . . But at this point the proprietor could contain himself no longer. "Pardon," he said apologetically. "But onion soup is really a meal in itself. I should suggest that you have little else." There was the artist overcoming the man of business. He couldn't bear to have a good dinner ruined, even if it meant his losing a large order.

Tastes and Manners

I ONCE stood talking with a Swiss hotel-keeper, when there came the sound of loud conversation from the dining-room. "A Frenchman, evidently," said the hotel-keeper. "Good customers, the French. They know what they want. That gentleman's cheese has been delayed, and he means to leave no doubt as to his feelings in the matter. But if he likes the cheese, there will be no doubt of that either. He is appreciative of good things and good service. A dreadful bargainer, but he always pays the price in the end."

"The English also know what they want—and get it. But more quietly. They do not haggle. They ask the price—they pay it, or they do not pay it. Excellent clients—but not very amusing to cook for."

"And the Americans?"

He thought for a moment. "The American doesn't like to bargain—but he thinks he should. He always begins by offering half. But he will pay. He never complains, but also, he seldom praises. One never knows what an American thinks. Even if he is overcharged on his bill, he says nothing. He merely never comes back again. Though, indeed, he never comes anyway. I cannot say that Americans make good clients."

I asked him why Americans never came back.

"Well, if a Frenchman likes your hotel, or a German, or an Englishman, he will come back to it again. But the American, he says: 'Oh, the Continental Hotel? Yes, that is a good hotel. We were very comfortable there. But let us try a new one.'

The Frenchman does not like to try

new things. No one is quicker than he to leap to new ideas, but new things, new actions—no. He is extremely conservative. The French barber-shop has not changed appreciably since the first one was opened, and the enterprising American who opened a modern establishment in Paris doubtless saw fortune ahead. But though the French exclaimed volubly at the hydraulic chairs, the sterilizing ovens, and the compressed air, they continued to patronize their own shops.

Every Frenchman agrees that payment by check is vastly superior to payment with cash. But the use of the check is still practically unknown in France. The Frenchman knows all about the typewriter and shorthand—and quite conceivably invented both—but I have sat before a magistrate, and watched his clerk taking down my deposition in longhand, with a quill pen!

If you protest to a Frenchman that in some ways his old-fashioned customs are a handicap, he will agree with the utmost readiness. But then he will shrug his shoulders and murmur the national slogan—“*c'est l'habitude*”—which means that it has always been done that way.

The intelligentsia rail at countries like the United States as the homes of standardization; but no place in the world, contradictory though it seems, is more standardized than France. The Frenchman, in his private and intellectual life, simply cannot be made to standardize. He does not join clubs (excepting Rotary which has spread here and there), because there aren't any. Here and there are “*cercles*”—usually devoted to mild forms of gambling, but clubs, in the Anglo Saxon sense, scarcely exist. To the thrifty and logical mind of the Frenchman there is no sense in paying the overhead on a large establishment for the privilege of eating an occasional meal there: especially when he may not continue to like the meals. So he makes a club out of his favorite restaurant or café; and when he no longer likes it, he moves to another.

This quality makes him hard to organize, economically, politically, or even socially. He is first and foremost an individualist. And when he goes home to his house, locking its huge and forbidding doors on the outside world, and joins his family in his little garden, he is himself with yesterdays ten thousand years, and not a part of anything whatsoever.

A police official with whom I once talked, attributed the relatively small amount of house-breaking in France to that passionate devotion to privacy and independence. Even a burglar could hardly bring himself to intrude upon it.

On the other hand, one finds an amazing uniformity in the domestic arrange-

ments of French homes. There is no change. And the forms of ceremonial, such as weddings and funerals, are standardized even to the point of published tariffs. However independent the Frenchman is as an individual he becomes a conformist in public. He may have the most radical opinions, but as a member of society he is meticulously conventional.

It is another form of his “politeness.” He has discovered by long experience that by practising inexpensive amenities one avoids friction, which is one form of the awkwardness which of all things he despises. Convention, he believes, is a saver of time and energy: it is graceful, it is adroit—and that he must always be.

Marriage and Society

THE institution of the marriage dowry is puzzling to the Anglo-Saxon, who adds it to the fact that there is no word for “home” in the French language, as a basis for his belief that the French are dead to the finer feelings. But it is merely another evidence of the French passion for realism. They argue that an adult with a cold experience of life has a more dependable judgment than a young person in the throes of amorous emotion. Quite logically, they say that while love concerns only the individuals involved, marriage concerns society itself, not to speak of posterity, and therefore requires all the sober judgment that can be brought to bear upon it. And if you have the rashness to criticise that theory they will point out that French marriages seem no less successful than those of other lands, and that the French divorce rate is far below that prevailing in the United States, for instance, despite the French idea that marriage should be difficult and divorce easy.

As to the dowry, they declare that the financial dependence of a wife is the cause of most marital shipwrecks; and that since that is the case, it is obvious common-sense to see to it that no wife is financially dependent upon her husband. Contrary to the belief of many foreigners, this does not by any means mean that the fortune-hunter is encouraged: for the bride's dowry is usually so arranged that the husband cannot get at it, even if public opinion would permit him to try.

All of this is part of the French theory of law—which is diametrically opposed to that obtaining in Anglo-Saxon countries. In the latter, an indicted person is assumed to be innocent until proven guilty, and it is considered that a hundred malefactors should escape than that one innocent should be condemned. The safety of the individual is paramount.

In France, however—the land, curi-



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ously enough, of extreme individualism—the direct opposite prevails. The individual is legally negligible, and the rights of the community are esteemed paramount. The onus is upon the accused to prove himself innocent. A man, for example whom the police were trying to arrest, fired several shots at them. When he was brought to trial, he pleaded that he had hit no one. But the courts replied that quite obviously he had tried to hit them, and that he was therefore just as guilty of murder as if any of his shots had reached their mark.

Excess Is Always Stupid

NONE DISCUSSION of France, even one so fragmentary as this, could be complete without some reference to sex. Unfortunately, France has acquired a wide but unmerited reputation in that field, due largely to the sublime indifference of the French to the opinion of the world. The Frenchman, always a realist, says that since sex is a biological fact, it is subject to consideration, discussion, and jest, the same as any other fact. His attitude toward sex is like his attitude toward alcohol. He cannot understand the Anglo-Saxon ability to inject morality into everything. To him, alcohol is an alimentary substance, having certain desirable qualities, and certain that are not so desirable. Excess he finds stupid, just as he would find it stupid to eat cake until it made him ill. The drunkard is to him merely a person who has either not been well brought up, or is a fool. That being the case, he always drinks in moderation, and in the summer, hardly at all. An American friend, an ardent advocate of prohibition, sat with me once in a boulevard café, and pointed to the throngs doing likewise as an evidence of the decadence of France. "Idling away their time with booze," he said scornfully. Well, the two shabbily dressed individuals at the table next to us were ardently discussing the relative claims of the dynamic and the static in sculpture, another pair were equally voluble over the position of Anatole France in letters, and with one or two exceptions, no one was drinking anything but syrups and coffee.

The same misconception arises with regard to the Frenchman's reputed obsession with sex. It is perfectly true that, as a nation, he talks a great deal about it. His books are full of it, and some of his magazines are wholly devoted to it. But it might be noted that these books and magazines enjoy no great circulation. And if you trouble to tax the Frenchman with his seeming interest in this theme, he will disarm

you by replying that he merely says out loud what the rest of the world thinks secretly.

It is all in keeping with his treatment of the bodily functions. His logical mind cannot grasp the Anglo-Saxon facility in ignoring obvious facts.

The Changing Age

BUT France is changing. Even those familiar boulevard conveniences, so long a symbol of French candor, are to be removed, as a concession to the sensibilities of foreign visitors. Cheap automobiles are on the market. The machine age is making strides. Here and there a Frenchman yields to the gospel of the short profit and the quick turnover, instead of clinging to the ancestral faith in long profits and a closing of the shutters when business is bad. Inevitably, France is getting into step with a speed-mad world. And how France hates it!

That is the explanation, I think, for the wave of xenophobia which seems lately to have come over it. People come back with the report that the French resent and dislike Americans. But I am sure that if they do, it is only because America represents, most completely, that strange new age of which, reluctantly, they are becoming a part.

I fell in with an old gentleman, one afternoon, on the Croix de Garde at Cannes, and together, we watched the sun set in turquoise splendor over the teeth of the Esterel. "Ah," he sighed. "How beautiful it is! How exquisitely beautiful! Every Sunday for forty years I have come to see it, and always it is beautiful."

He was silent for a moment, his eyes fixed on the gorgeous spectacle. And then they seemed to mist with something like tears. "My children used to come with me," he said wistfully. "They too thought it beautiful. But now . . ."

I waited, wondering if he would reveal his hidden tragedy. And then, suddenly, the wistfulness left him, with anger taking its place. "No sunsets for them now!" he growled, grinding his stick into the gravel as if to destroy some reptilian thing. "They want the cinema. They want Kodaks. They want Buicks. They want cocktails. They—they . . . they are not my children!"

And there, I thought, was the obituary of a France that is passing—a charming France, a beautiful France, an interesting France, but a France as obsolete in this strange and mysterious new world as the minuet. To repine is folly. As a great Frenchman once said, the only certainty in this life is change.

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